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BAYONETS DIG NO COAL

WE should like to think that the Prime Minister's decision personally to renew this week last Spring's Ministerial appeals to the Trades Union Congress, to co-operate in securing more intensive effort by labour and greater national production, reflected recognition by the Cabinet that the Government will stand or fall by its use or misuse of man-power. Mr. Attlee, however, appears to have argued from the premise that no appreciable further increase can be looked for in the labour force available for civilian production, and that industrial workers must therefore toil harder in the national interest and relegate to a more opportune day claims to increased leisure. That production is by no means yet commensurate with out post-war needs is plain enough: reconstruction is being held up by shortages of coal and steel; and the campaign to attain the still remote export target is being handicapped by lack also of cotton and woollen yarns and other basic materials. Meanwhile the consumer, though patient, is not reconciled to an indefinite prospect of couponed austerity. Of these facts the T.U.C. is fully aware, and its outgoing chairman at Brighton very properly expressed the belief that the Unions must face the need to contribute to increased output by abandoning restrictive methods which impede it. But two considerations are likely to militate against the Unions' giving in practice a much more enthusiastic response to Mr. Attlee's appeal than they did to similar exhortations eight months ago.

In the first place, the sector of nationalised industry is still too narrow for reference to the "national interest" to be particularly cogent. So long as such key industries as power, transport, steel, building and textiles remain in the hands of private enterprise, and are hence inevitably conducted with an eye to profit rather than public welfare, so long will the workers in those industries ask why they should be expected to intensify their efforts in order to increase dividends. Perhaps their attitude would be different if there were greater evidence that the Government were prepared to challenge vested interests —*e.g.*, in the steel industry—more boldly, or that they were ready to take really drastic action in the suppression of price-rings and such abuses as the black market in building. There might even be a different approach to the problem on the part of organised workers if they were given encouragement to believe that they would gradually be accorded the right to influence the policies of industry on the factory level. Instead, they are treated to Sir Stafford Cripps' unsympathetic statement that few wage-earners in this country are qualified to fulfil responsible functions in the management of industry.

The second consideration is that few intelligent trade unionists will accept, without questioning, the Prime Minister's postulate that the available labour force cannot be increased. We believe that it can and must be increased. Though the numbers, male and female, engaged in civilian production are now fractionally larger than they were in the summer of 1939, complacency over these figures has to be qualified by the facts that the numbers of men in civilian employment are still considerably fewer than before the war, that it is by no means certain that the migration of women from industry during the past year has yet been arrested, and that, in the distribution of employment, the war-expanded metal industries are taking a much greater share than they did of the available labour force, to the detriment of other essential manufactures and services. Under these circumstances we cannot possibly afford to retain, as we are now doing, well over two million potential producers in the Armed Forces, Civil Defence and munitions.

Coal cannot be dug with bayonets, nor can tanks be usefully employed even on the levelling of sites for houses. Yet the Cabinet, it seems, is now proposing to go beyond the ominous statement recently made by the Prime Minister to Parliament, that our "foreign commitments" preclude attainment of the hoped-for demobilisation target by the end of this year. The King's Speech, it is understood, will foreshadow a Bill to impose conscription as a permanent feature, for a minimum period of 18 months with the Colours, followed by five years in a Territorial Reserve. The failure of the campaign to secure voluntary enlistment will doubtless be adduced as a reason for the prolongation of conscription; and, given a genuinely democratised army, the majority of Labour supporters would probably have no quarrel with the principle of service as a temporary measure. It is repugnant to many as a permanent institution, but less undemocratic than the alternative. But, economically, the maximum tolerable period of service is one year. Twelve months' service might not seriously interfere with education or training; and, materially, the country could perhaps just afford, to this extent, the diversion of young workers from productive occupations. More we cannot afford. Eighteen months with the Colours would mean, when account is taken of weeks wasted between registration and call-up and in re-absorption after demobilisation, the loss of nearly two years per man to industry—to say nothing of millions of man-weeks wasted annually in Territorial training camps. Reports that the Defence Committee of the Cabinet is thinking in terms of standing Armed Forces 1,500,000 strong are, we trust, baseless; but the announcement that the 1947 rate of release will be drastically reduced is sufficiently disquieting.

In thus asking the country to accept more guns and less butter, the Government is asking too much; and it is basing its appeal for harder work on the wrong grounds. Whatever argument may be put forward by the military chiefs of staff and the proponents of "tough" foreign policy, a campaign for higher output by trade unionists, based on the slogan "Sweat your guts to keep your sons in khaki" is foredoomed to failure, and such a policy is bound to evoke serious concern among the Government's own Parliamentary supporters. M.P.s who make contact with their constituents this week-end, while Parliament stands prorogued, are likely to find that public opinion is puzzled and disquieted. Some electors will want to know what purpose is served by the maintenance, in an atomic age, of traditional forces on this costly scale. Others, more numerous, will ask whether the proposed size of the Services, coupled with practices for assault landings on Devon beaches, means that the Government accepts the defeatist conclusjon that another war in Europe is inevitable, and that proposals for international disarmament are effectively rejected by it in advance.

Mr. Truman Loses Power

For European countries, and not least Britain, the results of the U.S. elections are a writing on the wall. In the very long run it is conceivable that, by exercising the "greater freedom" which he now claims that he will enjoy, Henry Wallace may lay the foundations for the eventual succession to power of a genuinely progressive American party. For the immediate future the outlook is that liberal voices in the U.S.A. will be silenced by a Republican victory which leaves the Administration at the mercy of a hostile legislature. In foreign affairs the bi-partisan policy conducted by Mr. Byrnes and re-elected Senator Vandenberg will be stiffened still more against the U.S.S.R. under pressure from Red-baiting Republican committees; American food surpluses will be increasingly exploited as weapons of dollar diplomacy; and the likelihood of American tariff concessions—a pre-condition of agreement in the International Trade Conference—being endorsed by Congress is greatly diminished. Internally the economy of the U.S.A., in the hands of the Grand Old Party whose eyes are now cast on a victory for Dewey or Bricker in the 1948 Presidential contest, will be run, with no vestige of "controls" left intact, on a "boom and bust" line. The consequent probability of an American slump of 1921 dimensions, against which Mr. Marquand warned Parliament on Tuesday, is greatly increased. The moral is that we must redouble our efforts to cushion a Socialist Britain from its impact. We must look to commercial agreements with countries outside the American orbit to ensure us the supplies and markets on which our full employment depends.

The Big Four Meet

New York has stolen the limelight from Lake Success. The wheels of the United Nations mechanism go on turning: the Trusteeship Committee has heard from General Smuts the Union's case for the annexation of South-West Africa, and has been reminded by Mr. Ivor Thomas that, contrary to Mr. Molotov's accusations, the British Government has not failed to lodge draft texts of Trusteeship Agreements covering mandated territories, and is anxious to bring the Trusteeship Council into being as soon as possible. In the Security Council a Polish proposal has been unanimously adopted that the Spanish "situation" should be removed from the Council's Agenda, so as to clear the way for its discussion by the Assembly—a move presumably related to the conferences which Mr. Molotov is known to have had with Señor Giral before leaving Paris. For the time being, however, the delegations at Lake Success have had their eyes turned towards the meeting in New York of the Big Four, whose first business has been the consideration of the points still to be settled in the Italian Treaty. Of these, the crucial questions are the delimitation of the Istrian frontier line and the future administration of the Free Port of Trieste. Mr. Molotov may be relied on to fight hard for Yugoslavia's case—not to the extent, we judge, of supporting Belgrade's original claim that Trieste should be incorporated in Yugoslavia. The more likely Russian line of approach will be to continue to oppose as "undemocratic" the Anglo-American conception of the powers which the Governor of the Free Territory should exercise.

The Overriding Problem

Much more important, however, for the future peace of the world is the task which confronts the Big Four when they have dealt with the Italian and Balkan Treaties. To what extent will the preliminary discussions on Germany, which are due to begin in a fortnight's time and to be continued, probably in Europe, early next year, reveal common ground between East and West? One hopeful factor in the situation is that Mr. Bevin at last has in his portfolio a positive British plan for the Reich. Looking towards eventual unification of Germany, under a federal constitution with much less of the *Kleinstaasterei* element in it than the Americans appear to contemplate so far as their Zone is concerned, the plan is likely to meet with Russian objections on the grounds that it postulates the suspension of reparations out of current production at least for some years; and it remains to be seen how far the U.S. State Department will view with favour the proposed nationalisation of certain German key industries. If, however, as we understand, Mr. Bevin is ready to offer the Russians participation in a quadripartite Control Commission (supported by an international armed force) for the Ruhr, he may be able both to allay French fears of German rearmament and to win, in this respect, Russian support. The presence in New York of the heads of the British and American Military Governments in Germany for the purpose of concluding final arrangements for the complete fusion of the British and American Zones should serve as an indication to Moscow that, failing agreement on the future of a unitary Reich, the partition of Germany (which the U.S.S.R. has never overtly favoured) is the alternative. It would be, from many points of view, a sorry solution; and, even in the present interim period, the renewed acute shortage of foodstuffs in the British Zone demonstrates that a Western rump of Germany will starve unless the United States makes good its still unfulfilled promise to equate imports of food between its Zone and the British.

The Choice Before France

General de Gaulle has, *malgré lui*, clarified the issue before French electors when they go to the polls on Sunday. Inveighing against "the Parties" as vehemently as crypto-Fascist Signor Giannini, the General has continued to demand that the Executive must be above factions and must function as the representative and the instrument of the interests of the community. Since, however, the voter on Sunday must in practice vote for one or other of the Parties, he is urged by the General to support those who are prepared to revise the present "absurd" constitution. This means not only the *Union Gaulliste* and the extreme Right-wing P.R.L., but also the numerically much more important M.R.P., for whom Catholic voters are invited by the Church to plump on the ground that suffrages must be employed "usefully." Thus, in fact, the General invites French electors to vote for any except the Left Parties; and the election issue is unmistakably sharpened as between Marxists and anti-Marxists. For all that the M.R.P. has a Left-wing, which does not dissent from selective nationalisation of industries, the choice before France lies between a coalition of Right Parties, pledged to a Conservative financial policy, coupled with greater power for the Second Chamber and the President, and a Socialist Government based on the *Délégation des Gauches*. France may be a long way off a Two Party system of government, but it is clearly approaching a Two Group system.

The Greek Government

Another attempt to secure a broader Government for Greece has failed, but the changes M. Tsaldaris has made in his Cabinet are significant. He has dropped Mavromichalis, Stratos and Theotokis, who represent the extreme Right of the Royalists and were a serious obstacle to any agreement with the Centre and Liberal parties. The new Cabinet, however, can only be a stop-gap. M. Tsaldaris genuinely desires some form of coalition in order to consolidate the Royalist regime, but he is evidently not yet prepared to make sufficient concessions on policy to satisfy the Liberals, who are the only important opposition group in Parliament. The Liberals, who still insist that the last elections did not give a true picture of opinion in Greece, would only join a coalition if the new Government was committed to a fresh appeal to the country. They believe that many who voted Populist last time to ensure the return of King George as a bulwark against Communism would swing away from the Royalists to themselves and the Centre parties now the constitutional issue is settled. E.A.M. leaders have also expressed their desire for an all-party coalition, though they were not included in the recent negotiations, and even Zachariades, the Communist, has called for an amnesty and new elections at which the Left would not abstain and at which an international team should be present "to see that we do not take over control by force." The Opposition thus appears to be ready to follow any honest initiative for a settlement which would permit effective political and economic reconstruction. But it is not satisfied that the Tsaldaris Government is prepared to check its extremist supporters in the countryside or to stop the arrests and deportations of its critics, not only for their present activities but also for acts committed against quislings and the gendarmerie during the Nazi occupation. The guerilla bands, who are still being joined by deserters from the troops sent against them, have no choice but to fight on in the absence of an amnesty. That is the first condition of any workable solution of the unhappy and ruinous factional struggle in Greece.

Toeing the Line?

The affair of the Czech credit is an ominous indication of the extent to which British foreign policy appears increasingly to be subordinated to that of the U.S. State Department. The facts seem to be that last month an agreement was virtually completed, and awaited only formal signature, between the British and Czech Governments, whereby Czechoslovakia was to purchase £2,500,000 worth of surplus British war materials, consisting mainly of trucks and drugs, on the basis of a four-year credit. Conclusion of this deal was in fact announced by the Prague radio. An "inquiry" was thereupon sent to the Foreign Office by the U.S. Embassy in London. Was it actually proposed to grant such a credit to a country whose application for a 50,000,000 dollar loan had just been refused by the United States on political grounds? As a result of this "inquiry" the British deal is now in suspense and, it is understood, may be cancelled altogether. Passing through London on his way to New York, Mr. Clementis, the Czechoslovak Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, has had a talk with Mr. Attlee. He should be able easily to persuade the Prime Minister that refusal by the West of financial facilities is likely to strengthen and not weaken the elements in Czechoslovakia that are friendly to Western democracy.

Truce in Indonesia

The "Cease fire" has now been signed in Indonesia. General Soedirman, C.-in-C. of the Republican Army, believes that the discipline of his troops will be maintained, although there are clearly extremist elements who may still cause trouble. Greater danger lies in the fact that the Dutch military authorities, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, still imagine that they can defeat the Indonesian claims to independence. For the moment, however, they seem to have been overruled by Dr. Van Mook and the Commission General; and, if the details of the truce can be successfully worked out, the prospects of an agreement between the Indonesian Republican Government and the Dutch are better than seemed possible some weeks ago. The problem is to find a formula which can be accepted by both sides: the Indonesian Government will have authority over Java and Sumatra, whilst the Outer Islands will be included within an Indonesian Federation with the right of joining the Republican Government at a later period if a plebiscite so decided. Considerable credit must be given to Dr. Van Mook, whose patience and

integrity have won the respect of the Indonesian leaders, to Dr. Sjahrir, who has shown great gifts of statesmanship throughout the discussions and to the British Government representatives, Lord Inverchapel and, in later months, Lord Killearn.

The Land Bill

There are rumours that Mr. Silkin's Provincial Land Acquisition Bill is to be postponed again, and will not figure in the new Session's programme. It is to be hoped that this is not true; for the Bill is very badly needed as a basis for town and country planning policy, and the local authorities have been left much too long in the dark already about the conditions of compensation under which they will have to operate schemes of clearance and resettlement. The whole question ought, of course, to have been dealt with years ago, promptly on the appearance of the Uthwatt Report; and it will be quite intolerable if it is put off yet again. No doubt there is a long queue of measures awaiting Parliamentary attention, headed by the Bill to nationalise internal transport and electricity. No doubt, too, the Government would like to give its Parliamentary supporters a less gruelling time than they have had during the past session. But it was always known that the carrying through of the Labour Government's programme would strain Parliamentary capacity to the utmost; and we were told again and again, when any of us ventured to doubt, that effective means would be taken to increase the swallowing capacity of the legislative machine. Indeed, without such an increase, not merely on a one-year's spirit but as a sustained achievement, the policy of achieving Socialism by graduated Parliamentary methods cannot be made to work. If Mr. Attlee is really thinking of pushing Mr. Silkin's Bill aside, let him think again.

The Municipal Elections

On the whole the Labour Party, with a net gain of well over 150 seats, has done well at the municipal elections. These gains, following on bigger victories last year, after the wartime election "gap," have given the Labour Party control of a considerable number of Councils, including a large proportion of the big cities. There were losses last week, as well as gains, but not nearly so many. Most of the losses were in areas where big advances were made last year, and not in the old Labour strongholds, in which Labour mostly recorded yet more gains. The Communists, who put up a large number of candidates, did about as badly as it was possible to do, losing six of their few existing seats, and making only a single gain—in Willesden, at the expense of Labour. The Conservatives, on paper, had four net gains; but this figure is quite misleading, because in a good many places fewer "Independents" appeared labelled as "Conservatives." Conservatives and Independents taken together had a net loss of nearly 140 seats. The Liberals also did badly in most areas, despite a vigorous bid for a "come-back." To the extent to which a national moral can be drawn, the indications are that Labour is well maintaining its electoral support over most of the country, with only small backslidings in a few places where they were to be expected after the big turnover of last year. In all, some twelve Councils seem to have acquired Labour majorities and six, where the balance was close, to have lost them. Birmingham and Manchester are among the places where the swing of Labour maintains its impetus.

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PARLIAMENT: National Inventory

Wednesday

THE gravity of the Debate on Trade was somewhat lessened by the absence through illness of the President. All Members wished him a quick recovery, including Sir Peter Bennett, who dislikes what Cripps says but thinks he "says it beautifully." Bennett believes that Britain has been singled out to fulfil a higher purpose; and so, with a touch of aesthetics and a soupçon of divinity, well-mashed into the paste of protectionist trade, he cooked a speech of which Birmingham's business-men in any generation might well have been proud.

The Debate was initiated by the Liberals, but its subject didn't divide itself into the old-fashioned question of Birmingham *versus* Manchester. The real issue was "Under what conditions and by what trade arrangements can Britain best serve her particular and her general interest?" There was no single answer. John Belcher, one of the most competent of the Under-Secretaries, particularly in Departmental administration, reaffirmed that Britain could only haul herself out of her post-war financial bog by raising productivity. Marquand, in winding up, gave little indication of the trade arrangements which the Government would propose to the Conference on International Trade Organisation.

Silverman, as usual, made one of the best speeches of the day. He deplored the reconstruction by the Americans of the Japanese textile industry. He wanted a novel but Socialist form of protection for Lancashire—proper wage standards for the Japanese. A strange accord took place between Sir Arnold Gridley and Maurice Edelman in the matter of Imperial Preference. Both were unwilling that Preferences should be surrendered, unless America agrees to make suitable concessions in her own tariff policy. But Socialists who wanted to protect Empire trade, and Liberals who felt that it would prosper most in the unimpeded flow of world commerce, were in no doubt but that Britain must aim at multi-lateral, rather than bi-lateral agreements. Hopkin Morris (Carmarthen) and Byers (North Dorset) both affirmed, with Socialist approval, that economic nationalism must submit itself to international organisation.

Oliver Lyttelton was not surprised that things were so bad at the Board of Trade. "*Dilettante, Député!*" a French taxi-driver is alleged to have shouted at another driver who had stolen his wife. In the same spirit Lyttelton, twice President of the Board of Trade, seemed to regret that the Board was now in the hands of what he would regard as amateurs and politicians, rather than business men. He showed no enthusiasm for Marquand's final speech. He even interrupted to say that a lecture on market research was rather "hard to take," so late in the evening.

But Marquand could not be stayed in his pedagogic gallop, and went on inexorably to pip the Speaker on the post by addressing the House for a minute beyond the hour of Adjournment.

Garry Allighan on Biscuits and David Rees-Williams on Bananas raised the last two adjournment subjects of the session. Garry Allighan's theme, as a Tory member suggested, was dry; but Rees-Williams brought a fine whiff of Jamaica rum into the House. He failed to get the banana-boats for the small growers, but he received a most courteous reply from Creech-Jones, who already has shown himself of the stature of a fine Colonial Secretary.

Thus the old Session came to its end, its affairs in order, its Bills all settled, satisfied with its full past and trusting in its resurrection on November 12th.

PHINEAS MINOR

SCANDAL IN GERMANY

NEWSPAPERS and M.P.s have alike been too reticent about the conditions of administration in the British Zone in Germany. For this there have been many reasons. No one was anxious to believe evil of men doing a difficult job in an enemy country: no one wanted to attack Mr. Hynd, a sincere man with good ideas but inadequate powers, who has recently improved the political side of Mil. Gov. and, since early October, apparently overcome the persistent obstruction placed in the way of Trade Union development. Moreover, general charges are quite properly disregarded, while detailed charges, involving serious accusations against particular British officers and both British and German commercial firms, obviously cannot be made in public without the most complete evidence, which by its very nature is hard to obtain. The fact remains that, instead of improving, conditions in the British Zone have rapidly deteriorated; and that one reason why German industry does not revive, in spite of Ministerial promises, is that the inefficiency of an administrative machine, with no Ministerial authority resident in Germany, working with vertical branches which run parallel and seldom meet, is aggravated by the prevalence of corrupt practices. All this is now so well known in Germany that reticence no longer serves any good purpose. Full details can be elicited only by public enquiry under privileged conditions, but typical examples are now known to us and to other responsible persons.

The matter has now been made more urgent because of the amalgamation of the British and American Zones. That a large number of American administrators have been in fact business men temporarily dressed in uniform making private arrangements for their own firms is common knowledge. Unfortunately, there is now definite evidence of similar practices in the British Zone. If the amalgamation of the two Zones is carried through without a drastic change both in British policy and administration, the American practice, so deeply repugnant to British ideas and in flat contradiction to Mr. Bevin's promise to socialise German industry, may spread unchecked all through the British Zone. How serious the position has become may be gathered from the fact that Dr. Agartz, chief of the Central Economic Office of the British Zone, made a speech on Monday in which he stated, as freely as such an official can, that lack of overall economic policy—resulting in an absurdly indiscriminate demolition of factories—and "the transvaluation of all moral values" were seriously retarding the peaceful recovery of Western Germany.

In part the trouble is bureaucratic. While in some branches, particularly the educational and other cultural divisions, British administration is seriously understaffed, in others, above all in the trade and industry division, we maintain an absurdly large army of officials. Responsible observers say that 5,000 trained officers could do the whole job of German administration properly with the help of a competent German staff, whereas in fact we have some 26,000 officers, a large number of whom have no serious public duties to perform. In order to justify their position, they multiply the rigmarole of permits, write countless letters and perpetuate the myth that recovery is retarded by fear of a revival of German nationalism or by agreements made under Potsdam. In fact, Military Government is itself retarding the revival of peaceful German industry, which is necessary if Germany is not to be a permanent burden on the British taxpayer. Factories are closed down in many cases not because of Potsdam but for other reasons which are sometimes obscure and sometimes disreputable. When we are producing only about half of the amount of steel allowed under the Potsdam Agreement, it is not convincing to produce Soviet opposition as an excuse for unemployment in the Ruhr and the Rhine. As Dr. Agartz has himself said, "If the Russians see a factory not working, they punish that factory; if the British hear of a factory that wants to work, they say, 'No, you mustn't: you haven't got a permit.'" And permits are obtained only after very long delay and in many cases not as a result of consideration of the public interest. It is to be remarked that Dr. Agartz, who has been outspoken in these matters and who has a high reputation with the more reputable British officials, is

now being replaced by another official on the fantastic ground that his Social-Democratic outlook is not sufficiently supported by the population of the Western Zones. On the general issues of bad and corrupt administration he is supported by Dr. Adenauer, formerly Mayor of Cologne and head of the Christian Democratic Party.

"Unconditional surrender," the silliest formula ever devised in warfare, no doubt gives unconditional licence to the victor to loot the vanquished to his heart's content. Officially, however, looting was put down in the early days of the occupation. It was suppressed in the British and American Zones, often with severe punishment, while in the Russian Zone looters were frequently shot out of hand. It is now a common complaint that the Russians have continued to loot in the sense that they have removed factories and workmen from Germany into the Soviet Union. The British method—we say for the moment nothing about the American—has been different. Patents and secret processes could be legitimately demanded by the British administration under a plan for preventing German rearmament. We can imagine, however, no excuse for officials in uniform, who are known to be members of British competitive firms, proceeding on their own initiative from one German concern after another and demanding these patents and secret processes, not for the public good, but for the advantage of their own firms. That this is now the practice on a large scale we have definite evidence. We have, for example, details of one case which came to light because the managers of this particular German firm had, unlike most of their industrial colleagues, the courage to ask for the authority of the British officials who demanded their patents, and when this authority was not forthcoming, to refuse to hand them over. In this particular instance, courage paid, and the attempt was thwarted. But the officials who made this unauthorised demand are, as far as we know, still continuing their activities unchecked in the British Zone.

It is apparent to Germans, who now talk freely about these matters, that demands of this kind, which are commonly backed by threats to close the factories or to take them wholesale to Britain, are made by those who are known to be British competitors of the German industry, and that they seem to have no relevance to any general economic plan for Western Germany or for Britain. Nobody in authority in the British Zone appears to be able to answer such simple questions as whether we are aiming in the future at a Germany which is self-sufficient, or a Germany with access to the world market. No one can say whether we desire the Germans to produce as many goods as possible, or only as many as are necessary for the immediate wants of the German population. There is apparently no over-all plan which adjusts wages to prices or decides which factory shall be opened and which shall be closed.

Wherever we examine this unprecedented example of British administration we are confronted with evidences of corrupt practices. If, for instance, ten factories are capable of making some article whose production is sanctioned by the British, while the supply of raw material is inadequate, which of the firms are to get the permits? At present in far too many cases the decision is in the end based on the capacity or readiness of the firms to pay handsome commissions. It follows that the least deserving firms tend to get the contracts, for firms that have Germans with bad records still in managerial positions are naturally the most open to corrupt influence, since they are the most open to pressure and, in any case, the least likely to have scruples. In some cases they are already carrying on black market operations with the connivance of British officials. It is also a matter of remark in Germany that officials who place such contracts commonly have as their best liaison helpmates particularly good-looking German women who occupied similarly equivocal positions under the Nazi regime. Among Germans it is also believed that many arbitrary dismissals and arrests that take place are the result not of inquiries into the past records of the victims, but of private denunciations and perhaps in some cases of the refusal to enter into corrupt relations. It is a common saying that in such matters many British officials are behaving not with the brutality, but with the morality of the Nazis whom they have replaced.

We could say much more with the knowledge that we were understating the truth, but we have perhaps said enough to make our case that a public inquiry into British administration in Germany is now essential. That scandal may be the result is unfortunate, but the scandal will be much less serious than the effects of allowing matters to drift further. Scandal cannot in any case be avoided, since these conditions are notorious in Germany, and indeed many British officials openly boast of the personal and commercially profitable transactions in which they are engaged. Their lack of reticence is often connected with the abundance and cheapness of alcohol in Germany. In the face of all this, it is useless for Mr. Hynd to repeat his now optimistic assurances about the British Zone. No one wishes to make a personal attack on Mr. Hynd. But whether from dislike of scandal or from refusal to face the facts, he has allowed himself to adopt a tone of complacency which exasperates the many honest men in British administration in Germany. It is not, in the main, the fault of the military. The ideas and administrative capacity of soldiers are necessarily limited by their training, but the Army commonly maintains a code and tradition which finds the present type of maladministration in the highest degree repulsive. A full inquiry will have, in private if not in public, the full support of our military heads, who are known to have declared their determination to see the end of corruption in the British Zone. It argues no tenderness to Germany on their part that they dislike seeing the reputation of Britain dragged in the dust in the Zone which they nominally control.

"ABSOLUTE HUMBUG"

As one who has worked for twelve years in Fleet Street, I must say it is absolute humbug to say the advertisers have no influence.—Mr. Douglas Jay, M.P.

In the crackling debate on the press in the House of Commons last week, some Members held that we know all there is to know about newspapers, and that in any case a Royal Commission could propose no remedies for press abuses. Is this true? As to the remedy, we must leave that to the Royal Commission itself. But as to fact-finding, it was noticeable that amongst the M.P.'s who have themselves been practising journalists, a sharp division existed between Mr. Beverly Baxter and Mr. Aitken on the one side, and Mr. Haydn Davies, Mr. Foot, Mr. Douglas Jay and Mr. Mallalieu and others, whose knowledge was at least equally intimate. Obviously there is much the public should know, for instance, about the finance and "monopolistic tendencies" of the press; much to be considered about the professional status of journalists and the relation of editors to proprietors. We propose to pay early attention to some of these issues in this journal. But perhaps the best way of immediately showing how much need there is for inquiry, and how easy it is for the public to be misled, is to make a few preliminary remarks about the influence of advertisers.

Mr. Mallalieu, who spoke from a knowledge of the daily routine of Fleet Street, remarked that when Mr. Baxter and Mr. Aitken "seriously tell this House that advertisers exercise no influence on editorial policy, I can only say that they are too innocent to live."

> I just want to take them out into a wood and cover them with leaves. I have had long experience in a part of newspaper work where one is especially subject to pressure by advertising interests—on the financial side . . . there was never one week during the time I worked in City offices when in one way or another the pressure of advertisers was not exercised upon me.

Pressure? That is the right word. The notion that advertisers ring up Lord Beaverbrook or Lord Kemsley and tell them to toe a political line at the risk of losing their custom is crude and ignorant. We could, it is true, give a list of cases where interference has been scarcely more subtle than this. There is the case, for instance, of a newspaper publishing a series of articles on the value of bread and butter as an antidote to adipose tissue because its medical correspondent had inadvertently referred to the common doctrine that to eat less carbohydrates is good for the figure. But such direct intervention is seldom necessary because the advertising manager seldom allows such slips to be made.

Political pressure is indirect. A newspaper which adopted a Communist or even, shall we say, a Social Credit line of policy in its editorial columns, would not expect to receive a large advertising revenue from financial interests, but the reason given by business firms for the refusal to take advertising space is not that the policy of the paper is disagreeable to the advertisers, but that readers who hold the "wrong" views are less likely to have money to spend on expensive motor cars or in the great West End stores.

The advertising manager becomes an arbiter of policy, not as a rule in detail, but through his continued pressure in the direction of making the paper one that the advertiser will think good for business. He will favour first what increases circulation, particularly among the well-to-do, and secondly, what is good for trade in general. It is an open secret that the deceptive optimism known in Fleet Street as Polyanna, which was so marked a feature of some daily papers which desired not to think Hitler a menace to the Anglo-Saxon world, was at least in part dictated by advertising managers. Again, in pre-war days the women's fashion pages, were written by people in the closest touch with West End shops. Few City columnists could be outspoken about the City. The case of patent medicines, one of the largest groups of advertisers, is notorious. There is only one famous case, as far as we know, of a daily paper exposing the facts about a product whose curative claims it had advertised. How could commercial newspapers voluntarily run the risk of losing one of the largest single groups of advertisers which annually spend several million pounds in their columns? During the war, of course, advertisers have had to beg for space in newspapers, but before the war the whole tone and outlook of many newspapers was in fact dictated by the advertising manager's view of his client's desires.

To reveal this pervasive and continuous influence in our newspapers, however, will not exhaust the Royal Commission's interest in this subject. If by special taxation or other means the influence of the advertiser could be removed, what would be the result? A daily paper costs more than the 1*d.* the public pays for it. The difference is made up by the hidden subsidy of advertising. In those countries where advertising has been less fully developed, as for instance in France, the press has been secretly subsidised by banks, party interests, governments and even foreign Powers. In this country the big proprietors can claim that it is only the small town and provincial newspaper whose policy local advertisers are in a position to dictate; that the Press Lord is more powerful than any particular group of advertisers, and that he can oppose their interests if he wishes. It is, however, seldom that he does so wish. The big advertisers are his close friends; they have a common interest in the success of his paper and a common outlook upon public affairs. They are both advertisers: one of goods and the other of news. They have a common interest in maintaining a capitalist form of society, of which the commercialised press is a faithful expression.

A LONDON DIARY

THE most important and least publicised news this week is the treaty of "friendship, commerce and navigation" which has been signed between the United States and China. The United States gave up her extra-territorial rights in China in 1943. The new treaty substitutes freedom for the citizens of both countries to carry out "commerce, manufacturing, scientific, education, religious and philanthropic activities and buy or lease land" in the other country. This will make little difference to the Chinese in America; it means in brief that Kuomintang China becomes an American colony. It also means that the Government in Nanking, (generally acknowledged by informed people in America and elsewhere now to be one of the most corrupt and least efficient in the world), is supported by the United States. The Treaty (which of course still has to be ratified by the U.S. Senate) comes at a time when there was some renewed hope of agreement between the two halves of divided China. The Soviet Union has so far only given indirect aid to Communist China; my guess would be that the link between the Chinese Communists and Moscow will become much closer with the increase of American power in Kuomingtang China. The danger of the Chinese war developing into a full scale war between the United States and the U.S.S.R. is increased.

* * *

Mr. Creech Jones said recently at Cambridge that he may have to muscle in on the diamond racket. The Colonial Office ought to have done it a year ago; for the most acute problem in colonial and trustee territories is the ownership of the mineral resources. We are faced with the position that the colonial peoples are so poor that we have to vote £20,000,000 a year to secure them the most rudimentary Educational and Health services, while European and American companies draw millions of pounds of profit from their countries. A case now in point is that of the Mwadui diamond mine in Tanganyika, said to be eight times as large as the Kimberley Premier, till now the biggest source of diamonds in the world. Dr. J. T. Williamson, a Canadian mining-expert, discovered it after seven years of dogged prospecting. He is said to be a good employer, paying and housing his African miners well. But De Beers have already been trying to get him to merge with their monopoly. If he does, they may suppress the mine; the *African Survey* says sardonically that more money has been spent on stopping diamond-mining than on developing it. If he refuses, he has the prospect of limitless wealth. But the Tanganyika people are asking Mr. Creech Jones why they are to have no part in the natural riches of their poverty-stricken land. There can be one answer, today. The Government should take the advice of all progressive colonial experts and assume ownership of all under-soil colonial resources, holding them as trustee for the welfare and development of the countries in which they are found. Tanganyika should be able to finance its own progress out of these diamonds. I am told that £2,000,000 worth have been won this year, and they are only scratching the surface. Dr. Williamson ought to receive reasonable compensation; but private ownership of diamonds in Africa is just as anachronistic as private ownership of coal in Britain.

* * *

Beatrice Webb once told me how, at the beginning of August 1914, Graham Wallas and a number of others approached her and Sidney Webb in a very intelligible state of excitement: would they sign a great manifesto against Britain becoming involved in a European War? Characteristically the Webbs replied: "We are experts in economic and social problems. We do not pretend that we understand foreign affairs. We will sign nothing on the subject." A few days later, after the invasion of Belgium, the Webbs, with equal resolution, refused to sign a manifesto in favour of war. I recalled this story to Margaret Cole the other day when we were discussing the reasons for the singular success and tenacity of the Fabian Society, which is this week celebrating its Diamond Jubilee. Perhaps the Webbs overdid it, but they believed that it was the duty of a Socialist society to be expert Socialists and not, except in their private lives, vegetarians or unitarians or spiritualists or sexual reformers. No doubt that has been one of the keys to their success: they would collaborate with anyone on the job in hand, knowing that the facts and expertism were with them and that differences on other subjects did not matter. The discipline of the Fabian Society was better tuned to English conditions than the Communist type. They were extremely tolerant, and if H. G. Wells walked out on them, it was not because he was unorthodox, but because, being defeated in debate, he preferred not to stay. But the early Fabians achieved more than their penetration of a party which now has a majority and which includes Fabians in a large number of the top Ministerial posts. They wanted the ideas to win, and did not much mind what happened to the Society itself. Because they believed that economics would lead people to Socialism, the Webbs were chiefly instrumental in founding the London School of Economics, leaving its teaching completely free from any Socialist control. In fact its leading economic professors have usually been individualists, although their students have, as the Webbs foresaw, tended to become Socialists. Again, the Webbs were responsible for the *New Statesman*. Beatrice Webb obtained by her personal efforts an initial circulation of about 2,000, which gave the paper a start, and Webb and Shaw were both anonymous contributors during its early days. Having set it on its feet, the Fabians were prepared to watch the child develop, and since its general point of view remained Fabian and Socialist, they did not mind if they disagreed with it on many other subjects. It has been an astonishing story of "permeation" and "gradualism."

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It was particularly silly of the War Office to suppress the circulation in the Army of two of the excellent guidance pamphlets now being issued by the Bureau of Current Affairs. There seems to be no excuse for the ban on Freda White's summary of the Palestine problem; though strong anti-Zionist herself she has done her level best to be impartial. In the case of the second pamphlet, Aylmer Vallance's *Control of the Press*, it appears the War Office is afraid that the newspaper proprietors might not encourage the failing campaign for recruits if they knew that soldiers were encouraged to read about press finance. Mr. Vallance's pamphlet is an accurate and sober account of the conversion of the national newspaper into a commercial enterprise; it provides a useful background to the controversy provoked by the decision to appoint a Royal Commission. There is nothing in it which would give an unfair impression to an interested citizen coming fresh to the subject. I think the War Office will have to reconsider this stupid act of censorship.

* * *

Down on my uppers, I have been looking for someone to kick, someone more toe-tangible than "they," about the shoe-shortage. But a friend of mine in the shoe trade has been cushioning Cripps. The shortage, he says, has nothing to do with austerity, or controls, or the export-drive, or conserving of sterling, or man-power, or machine shortages. It is due to the disappearance of the German and Italian leather. The Germans had a virtual monopoly of quality-leathers for uppers and the Italians of sound leather for soles. The Continental herds which once provided that leather have been massacred. World reserves of suitable leather have been used to jack-boot the belligerents. U.S. stockyards cannot help; the shortages are as severe there and will have to be made up. And—this was news to me—Argentine hides are practically useless for the boot-trade. The heat plays havoc with the herds. (That is why the Argentinians have to keep on coming to this country for expensive blood-stock to replenish the breeding.) The fat-layers under the skin, which are necessary for the tanning of good shoe-leather, are biologically unnecessary to the beasts in hot climates. For the same reason the sweat-pores are wide-open and make the leather porous to damp. Our own herds cannot provide a fraction of our needs. Britain may lead the world in the manufacture of quality-shoes but only if given quality-uppers and quality-soles from abroad. So, as the Scots saying goes, "The cobbler's bairns are the worst shod."

* * *

Our post-war processions in London have, up to now, been dreary, languid, political trudges through the wet; even our queues have been less dismal. But on Guy Fawkes' Night, it was different. Laughing and singing and shouting their delightful slogans, the students marched down to Piccadilly with banners bearing the words, "Put Eros back" and "A Home Fit for Eros." There has been nothing as gay in London since the victory days. Half the pleasure was in the sight of young people; they seemed to have emerged suddenly, and at last, from the war. The other half was in one's assent to their cause. Of course, put Eros back. Take down that disgusting and slothful heap of poster-daubed boards in Piccadilly, which seems to have become the symbol of the apathy, anxiety and disheartened resignation which the foreign visitor notices when he comes to London now. If we had to have those shabby boards in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, we might at least have had good posters on them. But why have the boards at all? For once, a students' "rag" had sense in it.

* * *

They got what they wanted in Greece,
They foiled the Communist plot,
So Britain is keeping the peace
To make the Greeks keep what they got.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to P. M. Skelsey.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

You repeatedly ask for better homes for the poor, but what happens when they are given them?

They get slummy, filthy and are not properly looked after, so why not let the richer people—who can afford to keep them tidy and fit for living in—have them? . . . Why not give the best things to those who deserve them? If the proper leaders were in power the houses would have been up long ago and the proper class of respectable person living in them.—Letter from three members of the St. Pancras Young Conservative League in *Daily Worker*.

Albert Graves (25), general labourer, was stated at a Poplar inquest to-day to have told a doctor that he took a teaspoonful of rat poison three times a day in the belief that it would cure his catarrh.—*Blackpool Evening Gazette*.

Let me admit that during the war I never queued up for anything, but standing for an hour in a queue three deep, of first-class passengers, to reserve my table in the restaurant aroused my sympathies for our wonderful housewives at home.—Report in *Western Mail*.

Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the film industry chief, addressing the Radio Industries Luncheon Club yesterday, said: "I always think the B.B.C. is my best business friend, and drives more young people into the cinema than anything else in the country."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Granting a decree nisi, the Judge said the question of the moral obliquity of the co-respondent was very small. He was some 12 years younger than the woman, and to that extent her value as a wife was not so great as otherwise might have been the case.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Heaviest tea-drinker was a young farm-labourer who consumed 547 cups of tea between May 1st and 28th, an average of more than 19 cups a day for a month.—*Mass Observation Bulletin.*

In the past, the traditional honesty of the Tories has caused them to be called the "Stupid Party."—*Evening Standard.*

TARGETS

Full Employment and the Standard of Life

FULL employment, paradoxically, remains a vitally important target despite a shortage of man-power which shows every sign of continuing for a long time to come. For, under our curious economic system, we can have at once too many workers and too few—too few to satisfy the requirements of a good standard of living, but too many to be found jobs under the conditions which regulate the actual volume of production. This paradox arises, of course, out of two main causes—to which it may be necessary to add a third. The first, and most important, is that we depend on other countries, not only for our food, but also for most of our materials of everyday industrial use. The second cause is that neither capital nor labour is easily transferable from one use to another. The third cause is that, even in face of a shortage of man-power in relation to needs, actual production may be so held up by restrictive practices as to leave considerable quantities of plant and man-power unemployed.

The first of these potential causes of less than full employment is very much in most of our minds today in connection with the Trade Talks that are going on in London. We are faced with a difficult dilemma. On the one hand we want, in our own interest as well as in the world's, to do everything that can be done to increase the total trade of the world; for the bigger total trade is, the less squabbling will there be over its sharing-out and the easier we shall find it to sell enough exports to pay for the imports we urgently require. But, on the other hand, if we follow the Americans' demands and throw away all the means we have of enlarging our own foreign trade—imports as well as exports—by special bargains with other countries, and do this without any assurance that there will not before long spread outwards from the United States yet another devastating slump, we run the grave risk of finding ourselves unable to balance our exchanges and to procure our essential needs. Being, ourselves, unable to give credit, we should be in direct competition with a country which disposes of resources of credit that it can use to "export unemployment" at our expense.

If there is a severe slump in the United States, can we maintain full employment here? That is the great question; and it is not nearly a sufficient answer to say that we can do so by a manipulation of internal monetary conditions. For the plain fact is that men and women cannot work without food to energise them, or without materials to work upon; and, if we cannot afford to pay for enough of these, unemployment will ensue as a matter of course, whatever the conditions of money and credit may be. To say this is not to assert that monetary policy is unimportant: far from it. But monetary policy, in the fullest Keynesian sense, will not enable us to make bricks without straw.

That is why, as long as the danger of an American slump needs to be taken into account, we cannot possibly afford to throw away any means we have of keeping up our exports, and therewith our power to import, in face of such a calamity. We shall need, if a slump comes, all the known resources of monetary management of credit conditions. We shall need all the known devices of "public works policy"—and in that connection, the larger the "Socialised sector" of industry is, the more easily can such policy be made effective in taking up the slack. But even if the Government is thoroughly equipped to expand public investment so as to offset a fall in private investment, there will be unemployment if we cannot afford the materials needed for making the investment goods and for meeting the consuming needs of the makers of them. The "balance of payments" problem, discussed in the opening article of this series, and the "full employment" problem are not two separate problems: they are closely intertwined.

Apart from this, if a slump abroad does affect either our export markets or the supply of imported materials, we shall be faced with the difficulty of transferring resources. This would be great under any circumstances, but is the greater because of our ageing population and the considerable rigidity of our whole industrial structure. To ease it, as far as it can be eased, involves a treaty with the Trade Unions to encourage, instead of limiting mobility; but such a treaty will not be readily accepted unless the fear of unemployment has been removed—which, except quite temporarily, it has not. Arrangements for training workers to shift on to new jobs cannot be suddenly improvised when a slump has actually occurred; they can be effective only if they are made well ahead and accepted as part of the regular lubricating process in our industries—which so far they are not.

Thirdly, if a slump comes or threatens, it will be necessary to be in a position to deal swiftly and drastically with monopolies and trade associations that set out to meet it by restrictions designed to ensure profit-maintenance on a basis of reduced output; and that too is a part of the Government's programme which no attempt has yet been made to translate into legislative terms.

To sum up—so far. If there is no American slump, the problem of full employment will probably look after itself in Great Britain for some time to come—at any rate for as long as we have the American and Canadian Loans to help us pay for necessary imports. If, however, there is an American slump, and we are not free to make trading bargains to meet it, nothing will enable us to avoid a slump here, though we may be able to mitigate it, especially if it is not too severe, by credit manipulation and by public works policy. On the other hand, if our hands are free to arrange long-term bargains for mutual exchange of imports and exports, we should be able to avoid a really serious slump here, and also to help the countries with which our bargains are made to avoid it, by giving them an assured market. That is, provided we tackle our own monopolists and make the arrangements needed for rendering our resources as mobile as is possible under our present economic system.

As for our future standard of living, it depends on four factors—the maintenance of an adequate volume of imports and exports, the terms of exchange between our products and the goods we import, the level of employment, and the efficiency of production. This last factor is complex. It is a question partly of getting the best and most up-to-date capital instruments, and partly of using them aright. Using them aright is a matter partly of the technical and administrative efficiency of management, and partly of "incentive," both to the owners of industry and to labour in all its branches. Mr. Morrison has said recently that the Government has no wish to destroy the profit-motive. Of course it has not; for otherwise it would be sheer disaster to leave most industries in private hands. As long as we keep capitalism, we must keep the profit-motive effectively at work, whether we like, or approve of, it or not. But the effectiveness of the profit-motive depends on the response of labour; for what is the profit-motive but a spur to get as much as possible out of labour? Accordingly, in order to make profit-seeking industry work, the Government has to induce the workers to give it of their best—none too easy a task, since it amounts to urging them to collaborate in their own exploitation.

It can be done only if workers feel that the Government is both making all speed to render the continuance of the capitalist's rake-off unnecessary, and is in a mood, not merely to exhort them to produce more, but to trust them with real power. The whole question of "workers' control," so lively thirty years ago and so neglected since, needs going into afresh from this point of view—as an instrument for winning the workers over, in deed as well as in word, to the cause of high production. Given success in that, half the battle for high efficiency is won; but it remains true that, as we cannot isolate our achievements any more than our shortcomings from other countries, high efficiency alone will not enable us to maintain and advance our standards of living in a tottering world. Therefore we must also take what steps we can, if there can be no guarantee against an American slump, to mitigate its effects by common self-protective action with other countries like-minded to ourselves.

RIPARIANS

RIPARIAN Commissions find indelible suspicions
Wherever water highways take their course;
Riparians get cold shivers as they sit beside their rivers
For a river can be poisoned at the source.

Riparians look for trouble where the river cradles bubble
If the source is under alien control,
For hostile hands may scatter insalubrious waste matter
To contaminate the river as a whole.

The French are in the Harz where the infant Danube starts
Before it meets Danubians further south—
There are grave riparian doubts France may taint it where it spouts
While the Soviets are silting up the mouth.

Some fiendish Swiss design on the wellspring of the Rhine
Makes overwrought riparians nervous wrecks,
Nor can many know repose while the baby Elbe flows
From highlands in possession of the Czechs.

Hindus foresee pollution in the waters of ablution
Suppose the Muslims never come to terms,
For the necessary Ganges sweeps through Muslim mountain ranges
And might harbour undomesticated germs.

Egyptians fear a plan might be hatched in the Sudan
Their river's upper reaches to defile,
Dead hippos, skinned and bloated, might vindictively be floated
Down the sanitary waters of the Nile.

(It is worth a passing mention as a cause for apprehension,
Though no reason for immediate alarm,
That Americans inhuman with frozen Mr. Truman
Could refrigerate the Gulf Stream to our harm.)

Riparians unite in a state of common fright
From which our Isles are happily secure—
Our stream runs fair and cleanly from Seven Springs to Henley
And meets the ocean relatively pure.

We only need to foster long-standing ties with Gloucester
From whence our crystal river winds along;
Riparian Terrors flee from the Thames Conservancy—
Sweete Thames! runne softly while I end my song.

SAGITTARIUS

MOSLEY EMERGES

It is easy to be complacent about the prospects of the Fascist movement in Britain. During the war it was disrupted and discredited; Sir Oswald Mosley and thousands of his supporters were interned; some former members of the B.U.F. were convicted of assisting the King's enemies. Millions of people were shocked by the disclosures at Buchenwald and Maidanek into understanding where Fascism and racial persecution ultimately lead. But some still do not understand. The British Peoples Party, led by John Beckett and the Duke of Bedford, has just published *Failure at Nuremberg*, an elaborate attack on the wisdom and justice of trying the Nazi war leaders. Allied politicians, it is said, are as guilty as the Germans. Though the Nazis committed "the final abomination" of slaughtering the Jews, this happened only after patient efforts to neutralise them had failed and because "there is a Slav component in the Teuton." On one page of this book, Goebbels' story of the Katyn massacres is dug up as a reason for trying the Russian leaders—which, in the absence of another successful war by the Western Powers, could be done in their absence—the attack at Pearl Harbour is blamed on American provocation of Japan, and the United States accused of acts of war against Germany while still neutral. Finally, the Nuremberg trial, "a regression into barbarism and night" has not brought nearer the day which

> . . . will come when man will discover how to attain the benefits of National Socialism without reproducing its harsh authoritarianism, its ruthless fanaticism and intolerance.

The British Peoples Party is not the only group which sponsors that sort of propaganda. Throughout the war, there was also an undercurrent of organised anti-Semitism, some of it stimulated by groups which remained legal after 1940, some of it by Fascists who had escaped internment. After Mosley and the other detainees were released, they could cash in on this wartime activity, though it was clear that the wisest course was to rebuild the movement with as little publicity as possible and to wait until the times were more favourable for open political activity.

This decision, of course, did not appeal to many ex-members of the B.U.F. who were anxious to get back to renewed public activity. For them, a place has been found in a number of small organisations, run in some cases by men who, like William Joyce, quarrelled with Mosley in the past and started several rival parties, in others by die-hard anti-Semites and religious fanatics with little understanding of political tactics. But there is little doubt that the core of the B.U.F. has remained loyal to the Leader: many of them, indeed, are working in the splinter parties in order to keep contact with sympathisers until the moment comes again for the formation of a mass movement. A number of the old stalwarts, such as Alf Flockhart, are still closely associated with Mosley at his Wiltshire headquarters and, with the aid of the B.U.F. records, are slowly piecing the machine together once more.

Though the total membership of the wildcat groups runs into thousands, they are too divided among themselves, and their methods and propaganda are too crude to make a wide appeal. They hold occasional public meetings, which are usually a fiasco, and distribute a wide range of Fascist and anti-Semitic literature. The new Mosley organisation is in a different class. The Leader has no intention of wasting his resources in a premature conflict with a hostile public.

The movement, in its present phase, is based on a network of cells, formed ostensibly to discuss and sell Mosley's new book, *My Answer*, which is shortly to be followed by a more elaborate statement of policy, *My Alternative*. A monthly newsletter is to appear in November, and as soon as production difficulties can be overcome, a newspaper and a journal of comment. Although these discussion circles meet in private, a number of reports have appeared in the press which show that Mosley has spent the last few months travelling the country, rallying former members of the B.U.F. and new sympathisers with a series of speeches in which he affirms that "Prison has only served to strengthen the Idea in me." He has also held special meetings to instruct group organisers in the movement's present tactics. In this way, he has established a personal contact with several thousand active supporters, none of whom has been compelled to take the risk of open association with the man who remains the leading figure of Fascism in Britain.

My Answer is a tedious book. Most of it is a mere reprint of the B.U.F. textbook, *Tomorrow We Live*, first published in 1938. The remainder is a long-winded and disingenuous defence of Mosley's attitude to the war and an attack on all political parties for denying the British Union the elementary right of free speech and association. It is also a very cautious book, though at one point, discussing the outbreak of war, Mosley writes:

> Then it was a question, at most, whether Germany should be permitted to bring leadership and order to regions in which no British interest was involved, but from which backward and anarchic populations had constantly threatened European peace . . . a higher civilisation should guide a lower.

Bolshevism, he adds, was the only victor in the late conflict, and now the Moujik is dancing on the culture of Europe.

Today, this theme is by no means as unpopular as it was when Mosley was writing, only a few months ago. It can be allied to the exploitation of other post-war problems and grievances. Moreover, anti-Semitism continues to spread in Britain. Mosley is in no hurry. He wants to build up a disciplined nucleus without public or official interference. The Home Secretary's recent statement shows that no action to limit Mosley's activity is now contemplated.

Fascism, though an object of distaste and derision today, remains a serious potential danger in Britain. We should have learnt enough of its insidious technique to understand that it thrives on the advance of Socialist movements and on toleration. Frederic Mullally, in a timely book,* rightly points out that the defeat of the Conservative Party last year, and its subsequent inability to offer any effective opposition to the steady passage of the Labour programme, may give extremist groups a real chance of rallying disgruntled anti-Socialists and exploiting the inevitable shortages and dislocations that follow in the wake of war.

It is as yet too soon to say what part Mosley will be able to play here. There are other influential and less-discredited figures who could be used as stalking-horses, but who could rely on a new Mosley movement to provide the necessary backing and organisation. It is therefore proper for Mr. Mullally to remind us of the record of British Fascism, especially when Mosley himself now claims that the notorious brutality of the B.U.F. was merely "preserving order and protecting our audiences from violence at our own meetings."

The grimmer spectacle of war has, perhaps, dimmed the memory of that Olympia meeting in 1934 where, without police interference, men and women were beaten into unconsciousness, thrown from the balconies and staircases, to make a Blackshirt holiday. Perhaps the provocative marches through the East End and the campaign of terror against the Jewish population are also forgotten. It was only public opposition that checked Mosley then; for, as Mr. Mullally shows, both police and magistrates dealt more harshly with Mosley's opponents than with the "patriotic" Fascists who had to be interned at the threat of invasion. This organised violence, which only ten years ago counted its supporters in tens of thousands, should not be forgotten in assessing the potential challenge that a Fascist revival can make. Even in today's changed political climate, much of the evidence assembled by Mr. Mullally is still shocking. It would be stupid to exaggerate the importance of Fascism in Britain at the moment: it is equally dangerous to dismiss it as a disease which can be cured by ridicule and disregard. NORMAN MACKENZIE

* *Fascism Inside England*. Claude Morris Books. 6*s*.

IN NEED OF CARE AND PROTECTION

The Report of the Curtis Committee on the condition of the homeless children in this country appears to be a shock to the general public, but it will not be a surprise to those who, for many years, have been trying to arouse the public conscience to awareness of the harm done by antiquated methods of child care. Nor will it astonish those whose profession it is, as psychiatric social workers, psychologists or probation officers, to attempt some remedial patchwork on child lives that ought never to have become twisted.

It is excellent that the Committee have been forthright in their criticism: the attempt to put some of its recommendations into effect will also throw further revealing light on the state of the nation's homes and children. But the public outcry started by the press is likely to have some unfortunate results. It will focus attention on the bad reformatory school or orphanage and the condition of the "homeless," who are only one section of the nation's children. So doing it will obscure for the public at home and abroad the amount of good work for children already being done, as well as the considerable volume of research and knowledge that exists on this subject. Further, it will direct attention away from the needs of those children who, at present, are neither "homeless" nor "delinquent," but may, through pressure of family or social conditions, all too readily qualify for either class.

When a group of kindly and progressive people visit a reformatory or orphanage, they very naturally contrast the conditions they observe with the lot of the child in a simple home with affectionate parents to take an interest in him. But, setting aside those who are really cruel and neglectful, the people in charge of such institutions, overworked and with limited vision, do honestly believe that they are doing their duty by the children under their care. Discipline, judicious caning, scrupulous order in bare surroundings, strict supervision, no privacy and no spare time, are the accepted traditional methods of keeping the young out of mischief. Had the Committee extended their survey to some of the boarding establishments for children whose parents are not only alive, but well-to-do, or to the large number of public and private day schools that are old-fashioned, they would have found conditions, both physical and psychological, that also fall far short of what they consider minimum standards for a child's well-being. What is more, in many average private homes today the child suffers the disadvantage of old parental methods, though many of the compensating advantages, such as the large family or roomy house, have disappeared. And the home suffers further strain under pressure of modern social organisation. Therefore, while one may agree heartily with the conclusion that a normal home life is the best background in which to rear a child or place an orphan, it is necessary at least to consider how far in these days such homes are likely to persist.

The sort of home a child likes is a good-sized house with a garden, which offers facilities for a number of children to play; where pets may be kept and various contraptions built out of old materials for the sort of imaginative games that arise. Such matters as trees to climb, room to throw balls about, to practise on bicycles, to paddle and bathe also need remembering, for they are not easily come by in towns, though the country child may still have them. Mother should be there most of the time, ready and able to get tea for playmates as well as the family. It is appreciated if father joins in outdoor games on summer evenings, or indoor pursuits in winter. It is pleasant to live in the same family

Granting a decree nisi, the Judge said the question of the moral obliquity of the co-respondent was very small. He was some 12 years younger than the woman, and to that extent her value as a wife was not so great as otherwise might have been the case.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Heaviest tea-drinker was a young farm-labourer who consumed 547 cups of tea between May 1st and 28th, an average of more than 19 cups a day for a month.—*Mass Observation Bulletin.*

In the past, the traditional honesty of the Tories has caused them to be called the "Stupid Party."—*Evening Standard.*

TARGETS

Full Employment and the Standard of Life

FULL employment, paradoxically, remains a vitally important target despite a shortage of man-power which shows every sign of continuing for a long time to com . For, under our curious economic system, we can have at once too many workers and too few—too few to satisfy the requirements of a good standard of living, but too many to be found jobs under the conditions which regulate the actual volume of production. This paradox arises, of course, out of two main causes—to which it may be necessary to add a third. The first, and most important, is that we depend on other countries, not only for our food, but also for most of our materials of everyday industrial use. The second cause is that neither capital nor labour is easily transferable from one use to another. The third cause is that, even in face of a shortage of man-power in relation to needs, actual production may be so held up by restrictive practices as to leave considerable quantities of plant and man-power unemployed.

The first of these potential causes of less than full employment is very much in most of our minds today in connection with the Trade Talks that are going on in London. We are faced with a difficult dilemma. On the one hand we want, in our own interest as well as in the world's, to do everything that can be done to increase the total trade of the world; for the bigger total trade is, the less squabbling will there be over its sharing-out and the easier we shall find it to sell enough exports to pay for the imports we urgently require. But, on the other hand, if we follow the Americans' demands and throw away all the means we have of enlarging our own foreign trade—imports as well as exports—by special bargains with other countries, and do this without any assurance that there will not before long spread outwards from the United States yet another devastating slump, we run the grave risk of finding ourselves unable to balance our exchanges and to procure our essential needs. Being, ourselves, unable to give credit, we should be in direct competition with a country which disposes of resources of credit that it can use to "export unemployment" at our expense.

If there is a severe slump in the United States, can we maintain full employment here? That is the great question; and it is not nearly a sufficient answer to say that we can do so by a manipulation of internal monetary conditions. For the plain fact is that men and women cannot work without food to energise them, or without materials to work upon; and, if we cannot afford to pay for enough of these, unemployment will ensue as a matter of course, whatever the conditions of money and credit may be. To say this is not to assert that monetary policy is unimportant: far from it. But monetary policy, in the fullest Keynesian sense, will not enable us to make bricks without straw.

That is why, as long as the danger of an American slump needs to be taken into account, we cannot possibly afford to throw away any means we have of keeping up our exports, and therewith our power to import, in face of such a calamity. We shall need, if a slump comes, all the known resources of monetary management of credit conditions. We shall need all the known devices of "public works policy"—and in that connection, the larger the "Socialised sector" of industry is, the more easily can such policy be made effective in taking up the slack. But even if the Government is thoroughly equipped to expand public investment so as to offset a fall in private investment, there will be unemployment if we cannot afford the materials needed for making the investment goods and for meeting the consuming needs of the makers of them. The "balance of payments" problem, discussed in the opening article of this series, and the "full employment" problem are not two separate problems: they are closely intertwined.

Apart from this, if a slump abroad does affect either our export markets or the supply of imported materials, we shall be faced with the difficulty of transferring resources. This would be great under any circumstances, but is the greater because of our ageing population and the considerable rigidity of our whole industrial structure. To ease it, as far as it can be eased, involves a treaty with the Trade Unions to encourage, instead of limiting mobility; but such a treaty will not be readily accepted unless the fear of unemployment has been removed—which, except quite temporarily, it has not. Arrangements for training workers to shift on to new jobs cannot be suddenly improvised when a slump has actually occurred; they can be effective only if they are made well ahead and accepted as part of the regular lubricating process in our industries—which so far they are not.

Thirdly, if a slump comes or threatens, it will be necessary to be in a position to deal swiftly and drastically with monopolies and trade associations that set out to meet it by restrictions designed to ensure profit-maintenance on a basis of reduced output; and that too is a part of the Government's programme which no attempt has yet been made to translate into legislative terms.

To sum up—so far. If there is no American slump, the problem of full employment will probably look after itself in Great Britain for some time to come—at any rate for as long as we have the American and Canadian Loans to help us pay for necessary imports. If, however, there is an American slump, and we are not free to make trading bargains to meet it, nothing will enable us to avoid a slump here, though we may be able to mitigate it, especially if it is not too severe, by credit manipulation and by public works policy. On the other hand, if our hands are free to arrange long-term bargains for mutual exchange of imports and exports, we should be able to avoid a really serious slump here, and also to help the countries with which our bargains are made to avoid it, by giving them an assured market. That is, provided we tackle our own monopolists and make the arrangements needed for rendering our resources as mobile as is possible under our present economic system.

As for our future standard of living, it depends on four factors—the maintenance of an adequate volume of imports and exports, the terms of exchange between our products and the goods we import, the level of employment, and the efficiency of production. This last factor is complex. It is a question partly of getting the best and most up-to-date capital instruments, and partly of using them aright. Using them aright is a matter partly of the technical and administrative efficiency of management, and partly of "incentive," both to the owners of industry and to labour in all its branches. Mr. Morrison has said recently that the Government has no wish to destroy the profit-motive. Of course it has not; for otherwise it would be sheer disaster to leave most industries in private hands. As long as we keep capitalism, we must keep the profit-motive effectively at work, whether we like, or approve of, it or not. But the effectiveness of the profit-motive depends on the response of labour; for what is the profit-motive but a spur to get as much as possible out of labour? Accordingly, in order to make profit-seeking industry work, the Government has to induce the workers to give it of their best—none too easy a task, since it amounts to urging them to collaborate in their own exploitation.

It can be done only if workers feel that the Government is both making all speed to render the continuance of the capitalist's rake-off unnecessary, and is in a mood, not merely to exhort them to produce more, but to trust them with real power. The whole question of "workers' control," so lively thirty years ago and so neglected since, needs going into afresh from this point of view—as an instrument for winning the workers over, in deed as well as in word, to the cause of high production. Given success in that, half the battle for high efficiency is won; but it remains true that, as we cannot isolate our achievements any more than our shortcomings from other countries, high efficiency alone will not enable us to maintain and advance our standards of living in a tottering world. Therefore we must also take what steps we can, if there can be no guarantee against an American slump, to mitigate its effects by common self-protective action with other countries like-minded to ourselves.

RIPARIANS

RIPARIAN Commissions find indelible suspicions
Wherever water highways take their course;
Riparians get cold shivers as they sit beside their rivers
For a river can be poisoned at the source.

Riparians look for trouble where the river cradles bubble
If the source is under alien control,
For hostile hands may scatter insalubrious waste matter
To contaminate the river as a whole.

The French are in the Harz where the infant Danube starts
Before it meets Danubians further south—
There are grave riparian doubts France may taint it where it spouts
While the Soviets are silting up the mouth.

Some fiendish Swiss design on the wellspring of the Rhine
Makes overwrought riparians nervous wrecks,
Nor can many know repose while the baby Elbe flows
From highlands in possession of the Czechs.

Hindus foresee pollution in the waters of ablution
Suppose the Muslims never come to terms,
For the necessary Ganges sweeps through Muslim mountain ranges
And might harbour undomesticated germs.

Egyptians fear a plan might be hatched in the Sudan
Their river's upper reaches to defile,
Dead hippos, skinned and bloated, might vindictively be floated
Down the sanitary waters of the Nile.

(It is worth a passing mention as a cause for apprehension,
Though no reason for immediate alarm,
That Americans inhuman with frozen Mr. Truman
Could refrigerate the Gulf Stream to our harm.)

Riparians unite in a state of common fright
From which our Isles are happily secure—
Our stream runs fair and cleanly from Seven Springs to Henley
And meets the ocean relatively pure.

We only need to foster long-standing ties with Gloucester
From whence our crystal river winds along;
Riparian Terrors flee from the Thames Conservancy—
Sweete Thames! runne softly while I end my song.

SAGITTARIUS

MOSLEY EMERGES

It is easy to be complacent about the prospects of the Fascist movement in Britain. During the war it was disrupted and discredited; Sir Oswald Mosley and thousands of his supporters were interned; some former members of the B.U.F. were convicted of assisting the King's enemies. Millions of people were shocked by the disclosures at Buchenwald and Maidanek into understanding where Fascism and racial persecution ultimately lead. But some still do not understand. The British Peoples Party, led by John Beckett and the Duke of Bedford, has just published *Failure at Nuremberg*, an elaborate attack on the wisdom and justice of trying the Nazi war leaders. Allied politicians, it is said, are as guilty as the Germans. Though the Nazis committed "the final abomination" of slaughtering the Jews, this happened only after patient efforts to neutralise them had failed and because "there is a Slav component in the Teuton." On one page of this book, Goebbels' story of the Katyn massacres is dug up as a reason for trying the Russian leaders—which, in the absence of another successful war by the Western Powers, could be done in their absence—the attack at Pearl Harbour is blamed on American provocation of Japan, and the United States accused of acts of war against Germany while still neutral. Finally, the Nuremberg trial, "a regression into barbarism and night" has not brought nearer the day which

> . . . will come when man will discover how to attain the benefits of National Socialism without reproducing its harsh authoritarianism, its ruthless fanaticism and intolerance.

The British Peoples Party is not the only group which sponsors that sort of propaganda. Throughout the war, there was also an undercurrent of organised anti-Semitism, some of it stimulated by groups which remained legal after 1940, some of it by Fascists who had escaped internment. After Mosley and the other detainees were released, they could cash in on this wartime activity, though it was clear that the wisest course was to rebuild the movement with as little publicity as possible and to wait until the times were more favourable for open political activity.

This decision, of course, did not appeal to many ex-members of the B.U.F. who were anxious to get back to renewed public activity. For them, a place has been found in a number of small organisations, run in some cases by men who, like William Joyce, quarrelled with Mosley in the past and started several rival parties, in others by die-hard anti-Semites and religious fanatics with little understanding of political tactics. But there is little doubt that the core of the B.U.F. has remained loyal to the Leader: many of them, indeed, are working in the splinter parties in order to keep contact with sympathisers until the moment comes again for the formation of a mass movement. A number of the old stalwarts, such as Alf Flockhart, are still closely associated with Mosley at his Wiltshire headquarters and, with the aid of the B.U.F. records, are slowly piecing the machine together once more.

Though the total membership of the wildcat groups runs into thousands, they are too divided among themselves, and their methods and propaganda are too crude to make a wide appeal. They hold occasional public meetings, which are usually a fiasco, and distribute a wide range of Fascist and anti-Semitic literature. The new Mosley organisation is in a different class. The Leader has no intention of wasting his resources in a premature conflict with a hostile public.

The movement, in its present phase, is based on a network of cells, formed ostensibly to discuss and sell Mosley's new book, *My Answer*, which is shortly to be followed by a more elaborate statement of policy, *My Alternative*. A monthly newsletter is to appear in November, and as soon as production difficulties can be overcome, a newspaper and a journal of comment. Although these discussion circles meet in private, a number of reports have appeared in the press which show that Mosley has spent the last few months travelling the country, rallying former members of the B.U.F. and new sympathisers with a series of speeches in which he affirms that "Prison has only served to strengthen the Idea in me." He has also held special meetings to instruct group organisers in the movement's present tactics. In this way, he has established a personal contact with several thousand active supporters, none of whom has been compelled to take the risk of open association with the man who remains the leading figure of Fascism in Britain.

My Answer is a tedious book. Most of it is a mere reprint of the B.U.F. textbook, *Tomorrow We Live*, first published in 1938. The remainder is a long-winded and disingenuous defence of Mosley's attitude to the war and an attack on all political parties for denying the British Union the elementary right of free speech and association. It is also a very cautious book, though at one point, discussing the outbreak of war, Mosley writes:

> Then it was a question, at most, whether Germany should be permitted to bring leadership and order to regions in which no British interest was involved, but from which backward and anarchic populations had constantly threatened European peace . . . a higher civilisation should guide a lower.

Bolshevism, he adds, was the only victor in the late conflict, and now the Moujik is dancing on the culture of Europe.

Today, this theme is by no means as unpopular as it was when Mosley was writing, only a few months ago. It can be allied to the exploitation of other post-war problems and grievances. Moreover, anti-Semitism continues to spread in Britain. Mosley is in no hurry. He wants to build up a disciplined nucleus without public or official interference. The Home Secretary's recent statement shows that no action to limit Mosley's activity is now contemplated.

Fascism, though an object of distaste and derision today, remains a serious potential danger in Britain. We should have learnt enough of its insidious technique to understand that it thrives on the advance of Socialist movements and on toleration. Frederic Mullally, in a timely book,* rightly points out that the defeat of the Conservative Party last year, and its subsequent inability to offer any effective opposition to the steady passage of the Labour programme, may give extremist groups a real chance of rallying disgruntled anti-Socialists and exploiting the inevitable shortages and dislocations that follow in the wake of war.

It is as yet too soon to say what part Mosley will be able to play here. There are other influential and less-discredited figures who could be used as stalking-horses, but who could rely on a new Mosley movement to provide the necessary backing and organisation. It is therefore proper for Mr. Mullally to remind us of the record of British Fascism, especially when Mosley himself now claims that the notorious brutality of the B.U.F. was merely "preserving order and protecting our audiences from violence at our own meetings."

The grimmer spectacle of war has, perhaps, dimmed the memory of that Olympia meeting in 1934 where, without police interference, men and women were beaten into unconsciousness, thrown from the balconies and staircases, to make a Blackshirt holiday. Perhaps the provocative marches through the East End and the campaign of terror against the Jewish population are also forgotten. It was only public opposition that checked Mosley then; for, as Mr. Mullally shows, both police and magistrates dealt more harshly with Mosley's opponents than with the "patriotic" Fascists who had to be interned at the threat of invasion. This organised violence, which only ten years ago counted its supporters in tens of thousands, should not be forgotten in assessing the potential challenge that a Fascist revival can make. Even in today's changed political climate, much of the evidence assembled by Mr. Mullally is still shocking. It would be stupid to exaggerate the importance of Fascism in Britain at the moment: it is equally dangerous to dismiss it as a disease which can be cured by ridicule and disregard. NORMAN MACKENZIE

* *Fascism Inside England.* Claude Morris Books. 6s.

IN NEED OF CARE AND PROTECTION

The Report of the Curtis Committee on the condition of the homeless children in this country appears to be a shock to the general public, but it will not be a surprise to those who, for many years, have been trying to arouse the public conscience to awareness of the harm done by antiquated methods of child care. Nor will it astonish those whose profession it is, as psychiatric social workers, psychologists or probation officers, to attempt some remedial patchwork on child lives that ought never to have become twisted.

It is excellent that the Committee have been forthright in their criticism: the attempt to put some of its recommendations into effect will also throw further revealing light on the state of the nation's homes and children. But the public outcry started by the press is likely to have some unfortunate results. It will focus attention on the bad reformatory school or orphanage and the condition of the "homeless," who are only one section of the nation's children. So doing it will obscure for the public at home and abroad the amount of good work for children already being done, as well as the considerable volume of research and knowledge that exists on this subject. Further, it will direct attention away from the needs of those children who, at present, are neither "homeless" nor "delinquent," but may, through pressure of family or social conditions, all too readily qualify for either class.

When a group of kindly and progressive people visit a reformatory or orphanage, they very naturally contrast the conditions they observe with the lot of the child in a simple home with affectionate parents to take an interest in him. But, setting aside those who are really cruel and neglectful, the people in charge of such institutions, overworked and with limited vision, do honestly believe that they are doing their duty by the children under their care. Discipline, judicious caning, scrupulous order in bare surroundings, strict supervision, no privacy and no spare time, are the accepted traditional methods of keeping the young out of mischief. Had the Committee extended their survey to some of the boarding establishments for children whose parents are not only alive, but well-to-do, or to the large number of public and private day schools that are old-fashioned, they would have found conditions, both physical and psychological, that also fall far short of what they consider minimum standards for a child's well-being. What is more, in many average private homes today the child suffers the disadvantage of old parental methods, though many of the compensating advantages, such as the large family or roomy house, have disappeared. And the home suffers further strain under pressure of modern social organisation. Therefore, while one may agree heartily with the conclusion that a normal home life is the best background in which to rear a child or place an orphan, it is necessary at least to consider how far in these days such homes are likely to persist.

The sort of home a child likes is a good-sized house with a garden, which offers facilities for a number of children to play; where pets may be kept and various contraptions built out of old materials for the sort of imaginative games that arise. Such matters as trees to climb, room to throw balls about, to practise on bicycles, to paddle and bathe also need remembering, for they are not easily come by in towns, though the country child may still have them. Mother should be there most of the time, ready and able to get tea for playmates as well as the family. It is appreciated if father joins in outdoor games on summer evenings, or indoor pursuits in winter. It is pleasant to live in the same family

house for some years, and to cherish memories of its familiar features, even shabbiness and signs of wear. Clearly most children neither get this sort of life now in the individual home, nor are they likely to get it. And when one sees the provisions made in a good reformatory school, such as a swimming pool, workshops and farm, one cannot help the reflection that it is odd that these children from crowded slums have had to become delinquent to get the kind of background that should have been their birthright.

Presupposing even excellent progress in housing, the modern urban child will go from a small dormitory home to a large school, with pretty large classes. He will lead there a regulated crowd life and return, probably before mother and father are home from work, to get his own tea and sit down to home lessons. The country child's life will approximate to this, but he will still at least have the country in what leisure remains to him.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the happiness of children in future will reside far more in what happens to the school than to home life. Though to many parents, certainly to myself, this conclusion is a sad one, it behoves us, as well as the teachers, to face it. And admirable as are the many circulars and handbooks now being issued to the various authorities, concerned with school meals, health, handicapped children, and so on, as well as the obvious extension of personnel for child guidance and youth service, I cannot but feel that we should not need so many other activities for care of children if we faced in a more fundamental way the necessity for revision of the part that the parent can still play, and for an entire change in the outlook of the ordinary school.

A child is a puppy, not a sedate old dog. Nor can we expect him to live like a factory worker. He will revenge himself by "delinquency" and "maladjustment" on a society that increasingly disregards both his individuality and his need of spontaneity. Perhaps he will even be fortunate if, picked on as "maladjusted" for disturbing the well-behaved class, or brought before a juvenile court for some prank, he finds himself placed in a modern home for difficult children, created and staffed expressly to give him what he needs to develop into a capable human person. The difficult, as distinct from the backward child, may be a most valuable individual, and just the leaven the class needs, given a capable teacher.

The school, whether day or boarding, needs to be more like an old-fashioned home. Traditionally, it exists for instruction, and the teacher does not feel called upon to be, except in a minor degree, a parental figure. Schools are far too large for anything but the most formal relations between teachers and pupils. For this reason we had to develop the whole service of psychologists to deal with the personal problems that arise. But cut down the size of classes drastically, increase the number and variety of the school staff, thus making it possible to effect also drastic variety in the curriculum and give free periods between formal classes—and the school will begin to be a more human place, in which less strain is imposed on the instincts of adults and children within it. Build the school less like an institution and surround it not only with playing-fields, but something more like a park and gardens. Give it lounges, playrooms, some comfortable furniture and curtains. If possible, associate with it a community centre and club for parents and children. On some such lines as these the school might become the focus for community living, towards which inevitably our society is moving. The multiplicity of departments dealing with children is rightly criticised by the Curtis Committee. Equally rightly their interim report pointed to the need for parental instincts plus training in those dealing with child care. But it is a pity to keep on setting up new organisations and new officers for patching the fabric when the foundations are wrong. Why not, in this time of transition, make a new start? DORA RUSSELL

PEOPLE: The Bombed

[In the first part of the war Tom Harrisson was officially engaged in the study of the psychological effects of bombing.]

LIVING people whose "eyesockets were hollow, the fluid from their melted eyes had run down their cheeks," are only an undertone in John Hersey's book, *Hiroshima* (Penguin, 1s.). Hersey, basing his analysis on the intimate experience of six citizens, reaches down to the very roots of Japanese and of universal behaviour.

In Hiroshima "under many houses, people screamed for help but no one helped; in general, survivors that day assisted only their relatives or immediate neighbours." So it was in British blitzes until paid rescue systems were fully organised. (Car-owners only occasionally gave lifts to people evacuating or trying to get to work.) As to confusion, take the words of a Southampton observer which might have been written by Hersey five years later:

> All day people were leaving the town with suitcases and luggage. All of these seemed to set out with a purpose and aim, but all the aims were different.

Yet always in the midst of fear and disorganisation there were people calm, practical, sometimes heroic. A Salvation Army Mobile Canteen worked right in the centre of burning Coventry all through the night when a new verb was invented, and the whole pattern of our urban civilisation seemed to have been disrupted. We had not then learned how man could take random, scattered anger from the skies.

In Hiroshima, when the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, after hours of awful work, "awoke in the first light of dawn, he looked across the river and saw that he had not carried the festered, limp bodies high enough on the sandspit the night before. The tide had risen above where he had put them; they had not had the strength to move."

* * *

In catastrophe most people forget the outside. The bombed, shocked out of personal cruelty by the greater cruelty among all, seldom seek scapegoat or reprisal. Thus, Father Kleinsorge "suddenly wanted to cry" at the gift of some flowers from a Japanese woman, since for weeks before "he had been feeling oppressed by the hatred of foreigners that the Japanese seemed increasingly to show." Hersey underlines that "a surprising number of the people of Hiroshima remain more or less indifferent about the ethics of using the bomb." Equally a Coventry blitz report:

> The first effect is to increase people's interest in the personal and local; they seem unable to associate with the war as a whole or with externals. There is no sign whatever of anti-war feeling, and very few grumbles. People full of praise for A.R.P. and A.F.S.: no one blamed for water running out about 2 a.m. Admiration for the A.A. Defences, though everyone regarded them as inadequate. The tremendous attack was so unexpected that they felt it reasonable for everybody to be unprepared.

* * *

The saving grace of tiredness to apathy, the limiting horizon of personal experience, dims catastrophe. This took the edge off V2, Uranium or HE, and equally gave a feeling of exhilaration, the pride of "Britain can take it." It did not depend on ballyhoo about cur 100 per cent. heroism, for news and propaganda ceased in Hiroshima, where there was:

> A curious amount of elated community spirit—a pride in the way they and their fellow survivors had stood up to a dreadful ordeal.

Thus it was, too, that bombardment generally did not weaken the determination to carry on. Having once overcome the immediate personal disaster, all else seemed easy, even insignificant.

In the same way, people concentrated on the lesser things. The Stepney Jewess arguing with a parrot-squatter in the rafters of her bombed-out home; the chaotic pramful of precious possessions; or the sewing machine, carefully salvaged and put in the water-tank, there to remain forgotten until irreparably rusted, much to the disgust of Mrs. Nakamura. And the remark international, equally made by Jap, Cockney, Pole: "It's funny but things don't matter any more. Yesterday, my shoes were my most important possession. To-day, I don't care. One pair is enough."

* * *

All over the world, aerial bombardment brought its own swift antidote. Even at the best of times we must be wishful-thinkers. Most people only face future facts with optimism (Utopias, prayer, football pools), or on some security formula (life insurance, ancestor-worship, astrology). From earliest awareness we have to face the fact of our cosmic insignificance and inevitable death. Civilised man's wonderful capacity for misery is consequent upon the humility borne of this everlasting threat, unknown to other animals, and partly unrecognised by "primitive" peoples.

To the human target, the atom bomb and land-mine are first cousins—one threat. The difference seems quantitative. The Cockney might feel the atom bomb an enormous V2, the Jew as instantaneous Belsen. It took days to die of radio-activity; but so it did of gas-gangrene or on the Burma Railway; it even took Herr Ribbentrop 14 minutes 45 seconds. Appalling as it is, if the atom bomb is presented as something entirely different, in the Lewis Mumford style, it is all the harder for people to take it in. The atom bomb is no more *revolutionary* in its effects than the electronic brain, streptomycin or nylon. It is simply that our material methods constantly expand, especially in destruction. The tendency to shy away from unpleasant facts, like Hitler or Bikini, is only stimulated when unique unpleasantness is emphasised—as the present hysterical attitude of Americans towards Russia well illustrates. Hersey's book makes such a valuable contribution because he deals with ordinary humans; the horror is incidental.

To-day in Britain many people think there will be another war within their lifetime. But less people than ever are doing anything about it. The processes of world power were always obscure to the citizen, and now, when things seem so gloomy, it is natural to focus hopes and fears on Littlewoods and geraniums.

Indeed, ordinary citizens cannot now do much. It rests largely with politicians, whose present attitude is discouraging, and scientists, whose attitude at long last is more encouraging, although they have previously done so much talking and so little acting about their "social responsibilities."

TOM HARRISSON

FOUR VISITORS

Walter.—Among musicians, Bruno Walter occupies a symbolic place: his career, immensely distinguished though it is and studded with the highest posts in five countries, reveals itself on a closer view as a series of flights from persecution; from Munich long before the Nazi victory, from Berlin and Leipzig in 1933, from Vienna at the time of the Anschluss, from Paris in 1939. He has been a German, an Austrian, a Frenchman, and is now an American: thus do we treat our great men in the twentieth century. His recent performances with the L.P.O. place his stature beyond doubt: exuberant, romantic, sometimes no doubt sentimental; at his best, therefore, with composers like Schubert, Wagner and Mahler, who share these amiable, though now unfashionable, characteristics. Brahms's Second Symphony and Mozart's in G minor were somewhat loosely handled; and yet Haydn's *Oxford*, a classic of the purest water, was poised to perfection.

Boulanger.—Delightful as it was to welcome Nadia Boulanger and her little flock back to England, her Wigmore Hall concert hardly did her justice. The snippety programme, the explanatory chats, the conducting with one hand while the other improvised a sketchy piano accompaniment (yes, even to an Orlando di Lasso madrigal!)—all this had a certain wan charm, but left me with a hunger for something rather more solid which was scarcely appeased by the novelties of Françaix and others (Léo Préger, on the other hand, seemed to possess a distinct, if fragile,

individuality). I left, just before the end, in time to hear Noel Mewton-Wood play once more, and superbly, the whole of that masterpiece of our time, Hindemith's *Ludus Tonalis*. Faced with so sharp a contrast, one could hardly help murmuring, with Horatian Thackeray, "I hate all your Frenchified fuss!" And yet, what ingratitude this is! The broadcast on the previous Sunday by the same group contained some ravishing jewels disinterred from the works of Monteverdi, Mozart and Bach; above all, an aria from a Bach cantata called "Wir zittern und wanken" divinely given by Paul Derenne and an unnamed oboist.

Goossens.—A conductor who secures the neatest and crispest playing imaginable; but a composer? No, no.

Gigli.—Volume diminished, quality almost unimpaired, taste positively improved. What charms above all is the feeling of certainty, and the care lavished on the little conversational phrases. The Tenor's daughter made a Mimi vocally well above the current average, though without the fragile pathos which the part demands. Altogether the most enjoyable *Bohème* for many years.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

My request for a ratcatcher must have been a case of telepathy, for he turned up more punctually than I could have hoped. To broadcast Mr. Bill Dalton on the same evening as a recorded repeat of the Professor of Tattooing, George Burchett, was either very clever or rather maladroit—I am not quite sure which. The feast of sheer oddity was almost too rich to digest, and the fantastic images awakened were consequently hard to disentangle. Medieval superstition, sympathetic magic, infantilism, Gustave Doré romanticism—Dickens and Eugène Sue, collaborating in a farcical thriller in the 1830's, could scarcely have imagined anything more macabre than the realities casually unfolded by these two cheery souls, who seemed to be bubbling over with amusement at the very idea of the callings they pursue. I was aware that stockbrokers, like so many Macbeths, constantly took counsel with clairvoyants; but the revelation that lawyers were much given to being tattooed reminded me of Kafka's terrible story of the criminal who is put to death by having his crime tattooed all over his back till he dies. To what extent do these grotesqueries overlap? Does a ratcatcher like to have an image (blue with red eyes) of the loathly rodent imprinted on his person? And would a tattooist keep rats as pets? We were not told these things, nor yet what it is that leads these strange artists to their choice of career. We must hope that future speakers in this intoxicating series may attempt to answer this last question—if they can.

The poetry programmes have been varying sharply of late. The material chosen is almost always excellent, and the range covered is wide enough to satisfy most tastes. There have been, in particular, some imaginatively planned anthologies by a newcomer to the air, Terence Tiller, who is himself a poet of distinction and evidently has a good deal to contribute to these programmes as a whole. (When introducing the poems in his own voice he should try to achieve a more confident tone.) But I have noticed, on more than one occasion, that the Voice Beautiful—that poltergeist of Broadcasting House—is making a determined attempt to get back on to the air. This is purely a question of production: even the best poetry speakers (I mention no names) will lapse in to this ghastly note, if not strictly prevented. A magnificent exception was David King-Wood's performance in Liszt's very interesting "melodrama," *Der Traurige Monch*. This kind of accompanied recitation never succeeds in a concert hall, because the voice-music balance cannot be adjusted; but on the air the effect can be uniquely beautiful. Mrs. Cornford's translation of Lenau's ballad was every bit as clever and stylish as one expected it to be, and the speaker's delivery, which hardly rose above a mezzo-forte, espoused the music in the creation of atmosphere, while contrasting sufficiently with it to convey the meaning and movement of the story. How much more agreeable this was than the performance, some weeks ago, of the same composer's dull and pretentious *Les Morts*, in which the orchestra and chorus were allowed to rip, thus obliging Valentine Dyall to employ the full extent of his powerful larynx throughout the piece. The latest programme of New Verse was much fairer to Mr. Dyall's talents and gave us, too, an opportunity to enjoy Miss Jill Balcon's cool, well-modulated voice; but it imposed a strain on even the most attentive listener, which the intelligence and taste of the speakers could do little to ease. It is a truism that contemporary poetry is often "difficult" both in matter and manner. This fact suggests that such a poem must be allowed to sink in, as far as it will, before the listener is asked to switch over to another—entirely different and by a different writer. Solution: Halve the number of poems in the programme, comment on and generally elucidate them more fully, and leave twenty seconds' silence after the end of each. Then repeat the programme (soon, even if late at night) in the Home Service, for the benefit of those who wish to deepen or correct their impressions.

No one who listened to the *Agamemnon* can have failed to be struck by the lapidary splendour of the eloquence (admirably conveyed by Louis MacNeice's translation) and by the correct simplicity of the production. The acting was entirely resolute; but the attempt to realise the "buskined" effect of this tragedy on the lines of "let's take down our back hair and go for it," led merely to the impression that the play was being performed by some kind of vocal Wurlitzer. The microphone does not favour such methods—though in any case I doubt whether Miss Olive Gregg could be blamed for the unendurable effect of Cassandra's lamentations. The atmosphere required for the re-enactment of these tremendous legends is probably unattainable outside some kind of theatre.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Family Reunion," at the Mercury

"Vanity Fair," at the Comedy

Those who (like myself) are seeing Mr. T. S. Eliot's play for the first time may find themselves too shocked and hypnotised by the author's dramatic power to feel like trying to dissect shortcomings. As the curtain rises the Eliot mental climate descends. We see Harry's relations, his mother, his mother's sisters and his father's brothers, sitting sadly, hollowly and introspectively round the fire, awaiting his return. But as the play continues we are caught by its humour, by its combination of depths and clarity, by the penetration which goes deeper than character, by the cool poetry of the words, for all their ordinariness and their sparseness of imagery. The chorus of uncles and aunts is full of individuality, yet with the slightest side-steps they fall naturally into the function of Chorus. The human detail of their comment contrasts with the more abstract language of the principals, concerned as they are with themes as widely dramatic as sin and the meaning of redemption, and talking therefore "in general terms because" (in such a context) "the particular has no language."

On the whole, production and acting are worthy of the occasion. The difficulty in such a play as this lies in the fact that the hero is supposed to possess absolute spiritual integrity; and that is the one quality which cannot be *acted*. It needs a saint to play the part. Mr. Alan Wheatley gains effectiveness with every performance he gives, but he cannot suggest aristocracy of spirit; and for all his force, he does not, with his lip twistings and his hunted starts, suggest inward strength.

Miss Catherine Lacey on the other hand, as Agatha, the youngest aunt, gives just this impression, by some trick of stillness, or a deliberateness of movement, or by long study of the part. True she looks thirty, whereas by arithmetic she should be fifty-five; yet up to the climax in the last act we believe in her.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Up to, but no further; because here the play is at fault, seeming too long because before it has been too short, trying now to cram too much unheralded revelation, of her past and Harry's past, and Harry's father, into too small a space. The smaller parts are beautifully acted, particularly by Frank Napier, as Uncle Charles, and above all by Pierre Lefèvre, who lucidly demonstrates the perfection of the part of the chauffeur.

No artistic canon is broken when the famous novel or the classic story is adapted to the stage. Indeed the Elizabethan dramatists hardly ever did anything else. The only danger, in the case, for instance, of *Vanity Fair*, is the possibility that some members of the audience may think that this performance has something to do with Thackeray. For the adaptation is made (in the Elizabethan manner) with no attention whatever to the spirit of the original. A number of fine, large-looking actors and actresses, performing under the celebrated names of Pitt, Rawdon and Miss Crawley, etc., act their parts very heartily with the exception of course of Amelia, who is correspondingly mousy. Miss Luce is very handsome as Becky. And lines as foreign to the period of Waterloo as "You've said some pretty rotten things in your life," sound not in the least out of place in the mouths of such entertaining puppets. But they are not Thackeray's "puppets," as Thackeray misleadingly calls them, in the ironical pretence that his characters can be anything but the immortal realities which in fact they are. STEPHEN POTTER

THE MOVIES

"A Matter of Life and Death," at the Empire
"The Turning Point," at the Tatler

Many bookshop windows are bright to-day with pyramids of "The Book of the Film" (I need not specify which film). Pausing before one such window, I was kept from buying by two things: the price, 7*s.* 6*d.*, too classy for this kind of advertising matter; and the contents which, to judge from the film, must be pretty appalling.

Not that *A Matter of Life and Death* is worthless on the screen—far from it; but its merits happen to be untransferable, while its defects will show up even more blatantly on paper. Consider the story. A pilot in a burning plane spends his last five minutes spouting favourite quotations and talking to the girl below who takes messages; they fall in love; then he jumps, without a parachute. He isn't killed, however, or even hurt, except for an obscure concussion, which makes him think he must be dead and involves a brain operation. He keeps wandering off in dreams to a heaven where inexplicably they have failed to clock him in. They can't take him now, he's in love! Thereupon he appears in the celestial high court to plead his case, and his evidence, held up for all to see, is one of the girl's tears conveyed heavenwards in a rose. He wins his case. Meanwhile, reverting to the other level, the operation has been successful. The girl is waiting. And so, to the prospect of bells, this matter of life and death is concluded.

Could any story be more vulgarly idiotic? I doubt it.

Yet, as I say, the film has astonishing merits. While nothing can retrieve so fatuous a plot, which seems worse the more one thinks of it, there are passages of genuine imagination. We start, for example, with a casual and yet impressive exploration of space, and this extra-mundane theme is kept going by the trips to and from heaven; fog rolling over the Atlantic; sensations of going under the anæsthetic, etc.; visually, indeed, the influence is so powerful that the reality of the other world, in monochrome, at least, equals the technicolor flesh-and-blood of this world, and the ambiguity is sustained to the end, when celestial judgment and operation table become one. Only a considerable cinematic sense could have brought off this juggling, which produces a far stronger *frisson* than, say, the progress of the coffin down the corridor in Mr. Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan*. And remember all the obstacles to dramatic excitement put in our way: Hollywood story, tinsel characters, the usual airport heaven, alternations of whimsy and facetiousness, and, when it comes to the all-important judgment scene, a pointless side-tracking into Anglo-American debate! (But good for export: Mr. David Niven is English, Miss Kim Hunter American.) I don't believe that by any stretching of critical kindness can *A Matter of Life and Death* be described as a good film; yet it's not boring, and not undramatic. If only we could forget the terms of our inveiglement! One has met this embarrassment before with Messrs. Powell and Pressburger, so fluent and prodigal of style, so moodily inept in story. When will they tune their fantasy to their material? Everything is at odds, except the purely cinematic skill, in this latest gamble with worlds.

Frederick Ermler's *The Turning Point* (story of Stalingrad) takes no chances, and is as solid a piece as has come out of Russia since the war. This may not be quite the whole military story of Von Paulus's defeat on the Volga, but we are given an intimate picture of character and strategy at Russian headquarters, and some vivid scenes of street fighting. Yet, despite admirable qualities, the film has missed something (which the newsreels epics caught) by generalising its theme. Not Stalingrad, perhaps, but super-Steinbeck. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

GREEK DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—During the twenty-two years that I have been a regular reader of your paper I have found myself often in agreement, sometimes in disagreement with you. But throughout this period, until quite recently, I have always felt that you stood firmly for certain basic principles. I believed that you sought truth genuinely and objectively and that you could be relied upon to show a general sympathy for the underdog in national and international affairs.

Unfortunately, it has become increasingly difficult to accept this interpretation during recent months. Your sympathy for the underdog appears limited to those who bear the clearly recognisable label of "Left," while I find my faith in your objectivity considerably shaken by some of your recent pronouncements upon Greece.

In a recent issue you employ the phrase "British troops by their presence permit a Royalist dictatorship to be installed."

On what grounds do you justify the employment of the misleading phrase "Royalist dictatorship"? You have a Government in Greece responsible to a Parliament chosen after an election which was, in the opinion of the Allied Observers' Commission, free from undue pressure. Pressure there was, both from Left and Right, as there has always been in Parliamentary elections not only in the Balkans but in practically all countries of Southern and Eastern Europe ever since Parliamentary institutions have been introduced. Personally, from my own experience of the Balkans, I should say that the presence of the Observers' Commission and the immense pains that were taken by them to produce reasonably fair registers (no easy task in a war-wrecked country) the elections were more rather than less fair in their conduct than have been most elections in South-Eastern Europe during the past quarter of a century. And the same was broadly true of the plebiscite two months ago.

The present Government in Greece is the result of the verdict given at the March election. So far from being a dictatorship it allows its political enemies to remain at liberty even after giving utterance to what appear to be directly treasonable statements, such as those made by Mr. Partsalides, General Secretary of E.A.M. a few weeks ago. So far from endeavouring to monopolise power it has shown itself rather chary of responsibility, and Mr. Tsaldaris has been endeavouring since the return of the King to broaden the basis of his Government by the inclusion of the

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leaders of all parties in the Parliament. This may be a sign of weakness, but it cannot be described as dictatorship.

And so British troops "by their presence permitted a Royalist dictatorship to be installed"? What should they have done? Insisted upon reversing the results and demanded the establishment of a regime for which the Greek people had *not* voted?

In short, I should be glad to know how you justify the employment of the word "dictatorship" in this connection.

But there was worse in your issue of September 7, in which you describe the Greek Government as stamping out the last remnants of freedom of speech by the imposition of the lèse majeste law. (My copy of that issue has only just caught up with me, or I should have taken up this point sooner.)

This is an even more direct misstatement upon a matter of simple and ascertainable fact. Freedom of speech and writing exist in Greece despite the disservice which you are rendering to your public by misleading them upon this point. Every political party, including the Communists, has its own paper or papers. Those of the Left contain daily violent attacks both upon the Greek Government and upon the British and of course, upon all "Western reactionaries." E.A.M. hold repeated public meetings in the Athenaika stadium and elsewhere without any sort of Governmental interference.

It may be difficult for you to accept, but the majority of the Greek electorate, so far as I have been able to judge during the course of two extended visits to Greece this year, really do prefer the prospect of *any* Government to that of domination by the K.K.E. That was why they voted for the Populist Party in March and for the return of the King in September. In each case large numbers of Greek Liberals gave their votes for a party and a regime with which they were not generally in sympathy but which appeared unquestionably preferable to the alternative of the Communist-dominated E.A.M.

Is one to believe, sir, that democratic methods are an excellent thing so long as they can be relied upon to return a Government of the Left, but that they lose all merit if they permit the return of parties of the Right? Was it wrong for Franco to rebel against the democratically-elected Spanish Government but does it become right when the bandit organisations of Macedonia and Thessaly (also with outside help) rebel against the democratically-elected Greek Government?

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

[Mr. Buckley need not worry over any supposed loss of principle on the part of this journal. We care as much about liberty and justice and tolerance as ever. But it is no good in any war situation merely to stand on the side lines and protest at the killing. If we seem more concerned about the suppression of Left than of Right minorities, that is because where there is a Right victory, as in Spain and Greece, it merely means a continuation of economic misery and further civil war, until a Socialist Government arrives which may be as cruel and violent as the Right, but which will have an economic and social outlook that may in time make possible the growth of a unified and happier country.

Mr. Buckley quarrels with our use of the word dictatorship. The facts, according to our information, are that only in Athens is the Left press able to appear freely, and that it lives under the threat of extinction and probably survives because of British influence which modifies the present Terror. In Salonica, we understand, Left-wing newspapers can only be obtained spasmodically "under the counter"; indeed, generally throughout Greece the Left press has been suppressed mainly by the simple method of breaking up its machinery and deporting or imprisoning the editors. The Greek Government's action in substituting, by decree, bogus for elected trade union leaders was precisely parallel with the first actions of the Metaxas regime, and its Fascist nature is clearly demonstrated by the death sentences passed on members of the Resistance on charges of having attacked Greek quislings. In Northern Greece civil liberties have been legally suspended and many people executed by special military courts. Opinions differ about the degree of pressure and terror at the elections, but we should agree that the Royalist majority was largely due to fear of Communism within Greece and even more over its frontiers. Since then there have been widespread deportations and a large number of imprisonments without trial, including high commanding officers of the E.L.A.S., who in many cases had not even been involved in the civil war and who were charged with no offence. Dictatorship is of various degrees, but the word seems to us not misused. We do not suggest that Mr. Bevin wanted such a dictatorship; on the contrary. But in our view British intervention was a mistake from the beginning. Greece once again illustrates the fact that, if instead of a positive Socialist policy you make it your *objective* to defeat Communism, you usually find yourself supporting something in the nature of Fascism.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR'S FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—I want through your columns to draw attention to an issue of the utmost gravity. I refer to the repudiation by the Labour Government of its election pledges in the matter of foreign policy. These are the facts:

In December, 1944, the Annual Conference of the Labour Party adopted a statement on foreign policy framed by the National Executive and entitled the *International Post-War Settlement*. In the ensuing months the Election Campaign Committee, of which Herbert Morrison was Chairman, condensed this statement, as it did Labour's various policy reports on home affairs, in our election programme *Let Us Face the Future*. At the Blackpool Conference on the eve of the General Election, Herbert Morrison told all candidates that in expounding the Labour Party's policies they should regard *Let Us Face the Future* as not containing the whole of Labour policy but as condensing the fuller statements of our policy contained in the various policy reports of the National Executive that had been adopted by the Annual Conference. They were entitled to draw upon those fuller statements.

I was only one of a number of Labour candidates who took Mr. Morrison's advice very seriously. I framed my election address with careful attention to the Labour Party's official policy statements, and I fought my campaign as much on foreign policy as on home policy.

Six weeks ago I received a unanimous vote of confidence from the Gateshead Labour Party and Trades Council, on which 60 Trade Union branches are represented.

At Bournemouth in the five minutes allotted to me I asked Mr. Bevin very pointedly whether the Labour Government considered itself bound by the policy set out in the *International Post-War Settlement*. In his 70-minute speech Mr. Bevin found no time to reply to that question.

In the recent Foreign Affairs Debate I pointed out that I had had no reply when asking this question at Bournemouth and added:

> When the late Mr. Arthur Henderson became Foreign Secretary in the second Labour Government, the first thing he did was to call his officials together and to put into their hands the text of the foreign policy of the Labour Party. He told them to read it because that was now the Government's foreign policy. I would like to know whether anything like that has been done this time. . . . . What I ask the Government is whether this document, the *International Post-War Settlement*, is their foreign policy? Do they pay any attention to it and take any responsibility for it?

Mr. Hector McNeil made no reply at all in his able winding-up speech, in which he dealt at some length with what I had had to say in the Debate. I therefore interrupted as follows:—

> *Mr. Zilliacus:* Before my hon. Friend leaves the subject of my unworthy self, will he state whether the Labour Government consider that this document, the *International Post-War Settlement*, in its main lines and general principles is

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binding on the Labour Government as constituting the Labour Government's foreign policy?

Mr. McNeil: I understand I am being offered a lawyer's trick. I am being asked to say that our policy shall be determined by reference back to 1944. In saying what I have said, however, I do not in any way subtract from the assertion that this is a Labour Government, that our policy at home and abroad is social democratic government.

I regard the Government's reply as deeply disturbing. Mr. Bevin's silence and Mr. McNeil's quibble seem to me practically to prove that the Government have thrown overboard the Labour Party's foreign policy.

The time has come for public opinion and particularly those who returned Labour to power to insist that the Government make a clear statement whether or not they intend to keep our election pledges as regards foreign policy.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC

SIR,—It is a pity that "British Liaison Officer" was not able to attend the trial of the Archbishop of Zagreb, for he appears to be in possession of evidence which has escaped the Yugoslav authorities. If he had given evidence for the prosecution he might have made a very grave charge which the prosecution, in fact, was not able to make, and which would have given the verdict and sentence a better claim to be regarded in this country as just. He says that in the closing weeks of the war he

> read in the German-controlled Press, and heard over the Zagreb radio, the call of Archbishop Stepinac to his people to rally to the crumbling Croat State and resist the Allied armies which were advancing towards final victory.

I have studied with care all the reports of the evidence against the Archbishop put out by the official Yugoslav *Tanyug* Agency, and this charge is not made. On the contrary, the final judgment accused the Archbishop, far from having asked the Croats to "resist the Allied Armies," of having sought in the closing weeks of the war "the occupation of Yugoslavia by certain foreign imperialists." That phrase refers to the Allied armies under the command of Field-Marshal Alexander.

It is curious also that this alleged "call of Archbishop Stepinac" escaped the B.B.C.'s monitors, who recorded whatever of importance they heard from Zagreb radio, and the compilers of the Ministry of Information's daily *News Digest* of the European Press. In No. 1736 of the *News Digest*, dated April 17th, 1945, there is the full text, which had appeared in the Zagreb newspapers, of a sermon preached by the Archbishop on March 18th, 1945. In this he spoke as strongly against the excesses of Marshal Tito's partisans, particularly in murdering priests, as he had spoken previously against the excesses of the Axis; but that is a very different matter to asking for resistance to the Allied armies, and it would be interesting to know whether the anonymous "British Liaison Officer" can support his charge by quotation from the public "call" which he says that the Archbishop made. MICHAEL DERRICK

MR. ATTLEE AND RUSSIA

SIR,—Mr. Pritt's letter, both in its facts and in its implications, is utterly misleading.

Of course Mr. Pritt found no obstacles to his intercourse with writers, scientists, doctors, lawyers and the rest. No avowed political supporter of the Soviet regime, or official guest—and Mr. Pritt was both—ever has any difficulty in making such contacts. Mr. Pritt is one of the funnels through which Soviet propaganda pours—naturally he must be given facilities. The whole set-up is nauseatingly familiar—the official welcome, the splendid banquets, the fulsome toasts, the carefully selected guests, the opportunity to chat with Russians in an atmosphere of organised informality—I have seen it happen a score of times. This sort of intercourse is "laid on" or "cut off" by the Soviet authorities like any other modern convenience. It means nothing at all in terms of friendship between peoples.

How completely such contacts are controlled from above is illustrated by the fate of the party given for Russians a month or two back by the English-language paper in Moscow, *British Ally*. In 1945, there were so many Russian guests that more food and drink had to be sent for during the evening. That was because the authorities gave the party their blessing. This year, well over a hundred invitations were sent out to Russians of consequence. On the night, only some half dozen Russians turned up, and they were associated with the production of the paper. The only other Russian who put in an appearance had returned to Moscow from the country only that evening, and had not realised that there was a boycott. A few days later, he was purged from the paper on which he worked.

The facts behind the official façade of cultural relations which Mr. Pritt seeks to palm off on us as a substitute for friendship are hardly open to dispute. It is true that foreigners living in Russia can, over a period of time, develop personal contacts with quite a lot of Russians, but from a very narrow circle—broadly speaking, only from the artistic and professional world. It is indeed rare for a correspondent or diplomat to entertain privately a high industrial official or a well-known Party member. The Russians whom foreigners meet cut little ice in the Soviet set-up. It also happens, of course, that foreigners may get to know quite unimportant Russians *unofficially*. That is highly dangerous for the Russians, and leads usually to interrogation by the N.K.V.D. and frequently to arrest. Most ordinary Russians are well aware that it is dangerous to become friendly with foreigners, except with an official blessing.

Let me give a recent illustration of how the Soviet Government encourages intercourse between the Russian people and ourselves. Two women whom I know, resident in Moscow, obtained permission during the late summer to travel to Georgia for a holiday. They took with them a letter of introduction to a Georgian girl from a girl they had got to know in Moscow. They called on the Georgian girl, who welcomed them and showed them around. One day, she took them to Stalin's birthplace at Gori. On the way back they were all arrested by the N.K.V.D. and the Georgian girl was questioned for several hours on end. After the usual row, the two women were released—though not the Georgian girl—and in due course returned to Moscow. One of the first things they did was to send round to the house of the Russian girl who had given them the letter of introduction. She had already disappeared! This is the reality behind Mr. Pritt's jolly façade.

As for the "wall of ignorance," it is a fact—easily proved by the briefest research, that whereas in this country the press deals *in extenso* with Russia, and of late years has probably erred on the side of charity, the Russian press has contained virtually no information about us at all. The ordinary Russian has almost no means of joining in contemporary controversies, because he has no access to the necessary sources of information. He gets no foreign newspapers, no uncensored foreign books; he cannot listen to the foreign radio to any extent; he cannot travel abroad except under official auspices; he cannot even marry a foreigner with any certainty of a joint life. He is cut off from the world, and that physical and mental isolation—deliberately imposed by the Soviet regime—is probably the greatest single obstacle to a better international understanding to-day.

Every word in Mr. Attlee's brief indictment can be fully substantiated, and would unquestionably be underwritten by 90 per cent. of the independent correspondents who have passed through Moscow during the last five years. It is a matter for satisfaction that the Prime Minister had the courage to speak so frankly at a time when so many people on the Left are still taking refuge in a shameful silence.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

CAN any casual critic, any reviewer, claim today that he has read all the books in verse and prose of Andrew Lang, the indefatigable polygraph of late-Victorian and Edwardian years?

Not that Lang wrote more in words, pages, volumes than several others—particularly novelists—born with the facility and energy for abundant production. He is easily outweighed in bulk, for example, by one of his favourites in fiction—by the co-operative firm of Alexandre Dumas *père* Ltd. The amazing fact about him is the diversity of his interests. He rushed in where specialists had long been used to tread. He made himself early an expert in folklore, anthropology, and the study of comparative "myth, ritual and religion." He was a critic and essayist "in little" or at length. He was, or wanted to be, a poet whose works, insufficiently collected, fill four volumes in the edition of 1923. After a detested discipline in the sternly linguistic approach to Greek, he became enraptured by Homer whose "World" he began to describe on lines no doubt suggested by Tylor's *Primitive Culture* (1871) and by the first wavings of *The Golden Bough* (1890). He tried and failed to be a novelist in the fantastic manner of his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson. He wrote, or compiled and edited, book after book (in varied colours) of fairy tales. He was the full-length historian of Scotland (four volumes); the eager enquirer into dozens of historical and literary mysteries; the careful biographer of Lockhart. He wrote shorter lives of Scott, Tennyson, Charles Edward Stuart. Anything else? I see, from the admirable bibliography given at the end of Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green's patient study,* that Lang touched art criticism in some notes on an exhibition of Millais's paintings. What about the drama? Alas, like so many students of literature, Lang professed to be indifferent to plays. But somewhere, indiscoverable—or *introuvable* as he might have said, who often used a French word when an English one would have done—there is apparently a full-length play. And, all through, incessantly, runs the stream of his daily, weekly or monthly journalism.

Lang wrote anywhere and at any time, about anything; in hansom cabs, in trains, in billiards-saloons—he once apologised for distracting the billiards-players by his scribbling—in shrubberies, in cricket-pavilions. I suspect that he could have turned out an article between two strokes *ambulando* on the golf course. Certainly, for all he ever caught, he may have written while angling—his favourite sport, upon which, of course, he wrote in a volume of *Angling Sketches*. Is it surprising that towards the end of life writing "became a disease," as Mr. Green suggests, with Andrew Lang?

What are we to say of all this? Shall we adapt the famous gibe from the lost Greek comic poem and say "Many things he knew and knew them all badly"? Or revive Johnson's Roman compliment to Goldsmith and declare that "there was nothing that he touched that he did not adorn?" Neither. Andrew Lang touches too many things; adorns some; fails, with admitted failure, in others.

He did not adorn the art of fiction, unless we count some of his fairy-tales, of which *Prince Prigio*, the story of the little prig, born too clever to believe in fairies, is perhaps the best. *The Mark of Cain*, an early shocker in Arrowsmith's Bristol Library, is written in the manner of a Professor condescending to railway reading. It is burdened with learned references. It begins with tips on how to cheat at baccarat. It contains the description of a Young Ladies' Academy borrowed from Miss Twinkleton's in *Edwin Drood*. Quaint glimpses of an Oxford college recur; and it is astonishing to find Lang, a fellow of Merton, sending a shudder down Oxonian spines by alluding to New College as "New." *The Disentanglers* is not much better. "This," says Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, "is written in a fashion that is all his own." I beg Mr. Green's pardon. It is written in a fashion that is nearly all Robert Louis Stevenson's: the Stevenson of *The Wrong Box* and *The New Arabian Nights*—this series of episodes recounting the adventures of two impecunious young men who set up a bureau for the "disentanglement" of other people's matrimonial miseries.

Lang, easily discouraged, severest of self-critics, confessed that he "could not deal with men and women." He said also that he remembered a great deal about books, very little about people. He was therefore no novelist. In these attempts he forgot his own advice, given in his amusingly ironical lecture *How to Fail in Literature*: "We fail in style if we go outside our natural selves. 'The style is the man,' and the man will be nothing and nobody if he tries for an incongruous manner, not naturally his own."

In his fairy-stories his manner is more naturally his own because, from the days of his boyhood on the Scottish Border, he had always been haunted by a mystical half-belief in apparitions, gnomes, wraiths, poltergeists and ghosts. I remember reading, in one of his unreprinted pieces, that he once saw a piece of the future in a crystal. The only important ghost he ever saw was the prosaic form of Professor Conington, standing under a lamp-post in Oxford. He does not convince us that he had at any time believed in fairies. The infants I have known have therefore not firmly believed in *him*. His natural self here is strongly influenced by Thackeray. *The Rose and the Ring* was one of the books he worshipped. He writes humorously of fairy-land. Some children do not like that. At all events, I do not think that he is nowadays revered in the nursery.

Fairyland, with the romantics in infancy, may lead to poetry in adult age. Was Lang a rememberable poet? Mr. Green describes him as "a lost poet," which means that the pressure of his prose tasks stifled the dreamer that might have been. He would have liked to sing like the nightingale. Instead, with characteristic honesty, he spoke of himself as a cicala, chirping amidst the "Grass of Parnassus," or on the lowest slopes of the hill of the Muses. The predominant mood of his serious verse is wistful. "My mind is gay," he said, "but my soul is melancholy." When gay, but also sometimes when melancholy, he poured out those ballades, roundels, rondeaux, triolets, virelais which—I fear it may be prejudice—affect me as irritatingly artificial forms in modern English; metrical modes derived by Lang from his loving study of Villon, Ronsard, Du Bellay, and, in the 19th century, of the delightful Théodore de Banville.

Once indeed Andrew Lang became poetically bold, or too bold. To attempt a sort of epic in the year 1882 on the face and fate of Helen, "the world's desire," was indeed not so wild an ambition as it would seem to-day; for the long narrative poem was then still in declining fashion. In that year Swinburne published his *Tristram of Lyonesse*, in surging decasyllabic couplets. Morris, long before, had given his *Life and Death of Jason*. Presently (1885) Robert Bridges in *Eros and Psyche* translated the story of Apuleius in seven-lined stanzas. Lang chooses the octave; hardly fitted to narrative verse, though often used in long poems, as in the fine translation of Tasso by Fairfax, who further impedes movement by closing each stanza with a couplet. But the trouble is that Lang's Helen is not Argive, not even Alexandrian. She is pre-Raphaelite, pictorial. She is a phantom who never can have been in Troy, as indeed the heretics or Docetics of the myth used to assert from the days of Stesichorus on. Nevertheless, *Helen of Troy* can be read. "The sleepiest of my little books," Lang called it. It is an adequate soporific, with many pretty passages. It can still charm.

As for Lang's Homeric and other classical studies and translations, I would say that, in the years of grinding grammatical discipline, they helped to rescue youth from the tyranny of pedants who were as blind as Homer to that enchanting world of his which came as a revelation to Lang. From his "finding" of Homer dates a lifelong devotion. His work has been passed by great scholars, and perhaps it is by his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey and Theocritus that he is at the moment best known. The usual phrase, "Wardour Street," blamed his archaisms, which he defended by claiming that Homeric Greek is itself archaic and composite. Cranky "Erewhon" Butler, with his feminist view of the Odyssey, which he makes us feel might have been written (in part autobiographically) by Nausicaa, called Lang's version a mummy and a corpse. But Professor Gilbert Murray describes the Butcher and Lang version as a beautiful book. "Although in prose and a very literal translation it is yet a poem and one with an exquisite style of its own—even if not quite the style of Homer." In other words, it does not achieve the impossible.

The translation was, unfortunately, preceded by that sonnet which is better known to this day than any other written by Lang—the only poem by him included in Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse"; the sonnet wherein "one" "for a weary space has lain" in gardens "near the pale of Proserpine"; while the poetic "main" must rhyme with "lain"; and though "only the low lutes of love complain," still "shadows of wan lovers" also pine. How *could* George Saintsbury, who had read much Greek and all English poetry, call this deplorable exercise "great"?

Quiller-Couch said that Andrew Lang's was the best English prose-style of his period; the period of Stevenson, Kipling, Pater. It is, in his essays, admirably clear, simple, unaffected. On this account, those essays ought to be selected for re-publication; as his poems, whatever we may think of them, ought to be put among the Oxford Poets. If Austin Dobson is there, with his "Proverbs in Porcelain," why not Andrew Lang with his "Ballades in Blue China"?

An interesting problem remains after this necessarily brief "revival" of Lang's works. For what reason did he leave Oxford so early after ten peaceful years there—the city he praised with such devotion in his first prose book? Why did he exchange Merton for ugly Kensington and the Marloes Road? He was a Fellow of his college. Later he might have become Warden. Why plunge into the competition of London journalism, with a mass of occasional writing, most of which was bound to disappear, even if, as Mr. Green claims, none of it was "hack writing?"

Mr. Green cannot tell us. Though "some personal recollections have been placed at his disposal," there is, it seems, "relatively little" unpublished material. Lang's widow obeyed her husband's wishes and tore up his papers and letters "with heart-rending completeness." This book, therefore, is not, and could not have been, a biography. It is a study of the books of one who lived for them. The man we see only in glimpses. But Mr. Green has picked out a significant sentence, from one of the best of Lang's essays:

> Unfortunately life at Oxford is not all beauty and pleasure. Things go wrong somehow. Life drops her happy mask. But this has nothing to do with books.

And nothing to do with us, as no doubt the "disinherited dreamer," who was occasionally rude as well as reticent, would have told us. Still we want to know what was behind that sigh of disillusionment, what early disappointment, what regret. After having stimulated our taste for so many mysteries, historical and literary, one, not perhaps the least interesting, was left for us to solve—the Mystery of Andrew Lang.

If Lang had not been so reserved, with the shy man's frequent sentimentality, he might have learnt to know and see people as well as books. If he had confessed he might have survived. His rival in literary essay-writing, Edmund Gosse, whom nobody would accuse of reticence, was able, for that reason, to write one book that will live longer than any of Lang's—the book called *Father and Son*.

RICHARD JENNINGS

* *Andrew Lang*. By Roger Lancelyn Green. *Edmund Ward*. 15s.

ARMS AND THE STATE

Armaments and History. J. F. C. FULLER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12s. 6d.

Major-General Fuller has achieved fame as a soldier and a strategist, and notoriety as a politician. As a soldier he developed in 1918 the plan for an armoured punch at the enemy's command and supply system. The war ended too soon for his strategy, which had been adopted by the Allied Supreme Command, to be put into effect. (It was left to the Germans to demonstrate in 1940 the deadly effectiveness of blitz warfare, in which an armoured force is supported by aircraft against Maginot-minded defence). After 1918 Fuller fought, inside and outside the War Office, for his new concept of mobile mechanised warfare, but without success. Finally he retired to become a military commentator, and to observe from an armchair the disasters which his advice could have averted. Meanwhile his political views had become increasingly authoritarian. He became a supporter of Sir Oswald Mosley, and latterly of the Duke of Bedford, whose views on finance attracted him.

The unorthodoxy of his politics has undoubtedly damaged Fuller's reputation as a military thinker. There is a natural tendency to write off authors who belong to the wrong side. Nevertheless, as this book shows, he remains today the most brilliant—if the most erratic—British strategist; and also, more surprisingly, he displays original and valuable insight into the modern state.

In many ways he is a latter-day Hobbes. Like the author of the *Leviathan*, he is on the wrong side for many of the right reasons. Like him, he relishes his pessimism, exultantly exposes the depravity of modern man and demolishes the hopes of those, if they still exist, who rely for the defence of civilisation on the good intentions of the human race. Reading his gloomy prophecy, one does well to remember that only a few years after Hobbes had proved the ineluctable necessity of his *Leviathan*, England was enjoying the rational security of Locke's *Civil Government*. History belied the defeatist, though it never demolished his arguments, which remain a classic analysis of political power. Does the same fate await General Fuller's picture of atomic bombing?

> Instead of cities being walled in as happened in the Viking age, we can picture whole countries girt about by radar sets, ceaselessly "listening-in" for the first jazz note of the broadcast of annihilation. In the vicinity of these instruments will be hidden away two tactical organisations of atom charged and propelled rockets—the one offensive and the other defensive. The first will be ranged on every great foreign city in the world, because before war is launched—to declare it would be sheer madness—no single nation will know who among the rest is its true enemy. The second organisation will be directed by the radar sets, and so soon as they signal, a flight of offensive rockets speeding towards them, the defensive rockets will automatically be released by radar, to speed into the heavens and explode in whatever cubic space in the stratosphere radar decides the enemy's offensive rockets will enter at a calculated time. Then hundreds of miles above the surface of the earth, noiseless battles will be fought between blast and counterblast. Now and again an invader will get through, when up will go London, Paris or New York in a 40,000 feet high mushroom of smoke and dust, and as nobody will know what is happening above or beyond, or be certain who is fighting whom—let alone what for—the war will go on in a kind of bellicose perpetual motion until the last laboratory blows up. Then, should any life be left on earth, a conference will undoubtedly be held to decide who was victor and who was vanquished, the latter being forthwith liquidated by the former as war criminals.

Armaments and History purports to be a history of the relationship between armaments and civilisation. But, apart from many fascinating technical illustrations, its history is so dogmatic and so wayward that it may put off the serious reader and prevent him from grasping the analysis of the modern state which gives the book its real importance. Read as a philosophical treatise, with historical illustrations, it is one of the most provocative books which I have come across for a long while, and expounds the central problem of our times with brutal relish. So great is the industrial and technical organisation necessary for war, runs the argument, that, even in peace time, the modern state must be conditioned for war. The basic factor, therefore, common to all great powers, is their collectivised organisation for total warfare. According to Clausewitz, war is a continuation of policy:

> That the political point of view should end completely when war begins is only conceivable in contests which are wars of life and death from pure hatred. As wars are in reality they are . . . only the expression or manifestation of policy itself. The subordination of the political point of view to the military would be contrary to common sense, for policy has declared the war; it is the intelligent faculty, war only the instrument, and not the reverse. The subordination of the military point of view to the political is, therefore, the only thing which is possible.

But today, says Fuller, Clausewitz has been reversed and policy is becoming a continuation of war. War the means has become the end. Great powers fight, not to obtain clearly thought out imperial advantages, but to annihilate their opponents, and peace is a mere interlude of preparation between the wars.

Civilisation, he continues, has meant in the past, whether under a Pax Romana or a Pax Britannica, not the abolition of war, but its restriction and its subordination to rational economic ends. Periods of barbarism have been periods of unrestricted or total warfare when whole peoples sought to destroy each other. In modern Europe the Thirty Years War was an unrestricted war, fought not for sane, self-interested ends, but for the insane object of destroying the religion of the adversary. Modern wars of ideology have the same insane characteristic. The holier the cause, the more total the destruction, and the more unholy the outcome. A war to destroy Catholicism or Communism ends by destroying civilisation. The victor, by demanding unconditional surrender, deliberately prevents the enemy from surrendering. By bombing his towns to smithereens, he destroys the benefits which victory could bring. By his propaganda, that the destruction of a nation is a worthy war aim, he degrades morality. General Fuller quotes an article written by Mr. John Gordon in the *Sunday Express* on December 24th, 1944:

> Aachen is the biggest German town in our hands. It is the most exhilarating sight I have seen for years. The town of some 170,000 inhabitants . . . has now not a single habitable house left in it . . . it is good to think that what happened in Aachen happened and goes on happening in almost every German town. . . .

Did Bismarck, who waged war on Clausewitzian principles, ever sink to this degree of savagery and stupidity? Bismarck was wicked, but at least his wars were waged for rational ends. What Fuller calls Churchillian war aims at a destruction equally fatal to victor and to vanquished.

The second thesis of *Armaments and History* is the gradual elimination of the human element in modern warfare. In a brilliant sketch, Fuller shows how technique always defeats generalship, machine-power, man-power. But human inventiveness never permits a new weapon to be paramount for long. The balance swings between attack and defence, and it is this which renders disarmament by conference impossible. You cannot abolish aggression as long as technical development provides the prospective aggressor with an instrument with which he believes that a knock-out is possible. Atomic warfare has not affected this situation. It has merely carried one stage further the elimination of the human element.

There is only one logical conclusion to this argument: a world state, like Hobbes's *Leviathan*, accepted by all out of fear of the consequences of war. General Fuller rejects this because he believes that an authoritative super state cannot be "founded on a moral vacuum." But one has only to recall the origin of the Roman war which gave the world its longest consecutive period of peace to see how false this is. It was out of the moral vacuum of the civil wars that the Pax Augusta developed. It was out of the complete exhaustion after the wars of religion that the age of rationalism emerged. Despite himself, General Fuller has demonstrated, not the impossibility but the inevitability, either before or after the next war, of a world state.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

LAND OF PRODIGIES

Syria. By ROBIN FEDDEN. *Hale.* 21s.

There was a real need for this book. Ten years ago to the general run of travelled Englishmen, apart from archaeologists and other specialists, Syria was almost unknown. The coming of the war and of the jeep opened up the country to a remarkable degree. For a brief period "recreational transport" rendered it easier to explore than it had ever been in peace-time, and the military tourists, if only to judge from the quantities of Syrian brocade which now adorn the night life of London and Paris, did not neglect their opportunities. In our literature of travel certainly Syria has received a fair share of homage. Kinglake, Gertrude Bell, T. E. Lawrence have painted her glories; and the eccentric Pickthall—who might qualify as Syria's Norman Douglas minus the fireworks of erudition—has left us a minor masterpiece on the national character. Yet the best descriptions by these writers do not take us much beyond impressions. An appreciation both systematic and comprehensive of the successive civilisations that confront us in Syria remained to be attempted. This is the task Mr. Fedden has set himself.

Syria has been, and remains, a battlefield between East and West, a stake between forces greater than herself. Like other such frontier communities—Sicily, say, or Cyprus—Syria, by the uncommon richness of her history and mingled cultures, has always provoked the curiosity and challenged the experience of travellers and writers. In such surroundings the current valuations of Greek or Roman, Saracen or Crusader civilisations are apt to appear in changing lights, the accepted lessons of history to be rudely questioned. These fundamentals are clearly stated by Mr. Fedden in his opening pages, and he sets out to relate the historical monuments of Syria to the background and influences which produced them. In doing so he has written for the general reader rather than the specialist. He summarises conclusions for the most part already reached by others and does not offer new theories on Syrian history or art. However, the construction of the book is so sound, the exposition so lucid, that there must be few specialists who could not read it with pleasure and profit.

Inevitably there have been large simplifications. The author disentangles Syria's over-luxuriant cultural history by analysing separate regions as representative of successive periods. This is an arbitrary method, but on the whole very successful. The massive chunks of historical material are swung into place with a skill and absence of strain which might be compared to the methods of the master builders at Baalbek, dexterously manoeuvring their thirty-foot blocks of stone. The author possesses an acute sense of history, and also a sense of the movement of the life of the country—of trade currents, migrations, transport necessities and the like—so that his historical design is constantly and convincingly reinforced by his twentieth century perceptions. In this plan the weakest link is the description of the Euphrates region in terms of Byzantine history. Towards the end of this chapter the reader, stranded on the banks of that melancholy river, may find himself for once sinking in exhaustion beneath the weight of historical exegesis. At such moments one would have preferred less emphasis on the purely historical explanation, and more in terms of peasant customs, proverbs or folk lore—the sort of material which makes *Oriental Encounters*, though containing scarcely a sentence of history

from start to finish, one of the most memorable descriptions in our language of Syrian life and genius.

These are minor criticisms, to which one must add that the book's appearance suffers from insufficient margins, and that it includes a few mediocre as well as some very beautiful illustrations. Among these the Ummayad and Turkish periods might have been rather more generously represented. However in its general design the book succeeds admirably. Mr. Fedden's style is flexible, distinguished and possesses a wide range of effects. In the presentation of a complex argument or the brilliant description of a landscape he is equally master of the occasion. He is highly observant and his dissertations on the birds, fauna and flora of Syria are a delight to read. His itineraries show a judgment of the moment to leave—and return to—the beaten track which anybody familiar with Syrian topography will admire. His mode of travel strikes the happy mean between the methodical and the picaresque, and combines with his gifts for lively diversion and comment to make him pretty well the ideal companion and guide. Above all he feels his subject intensely, and in the delight and curiosity with which this land of prodigies inspires him, it is impossible not to share.

IAN SCOTT KILVERT

NEW NOVELS

The Happy Prisoner. By MONICA DICKENS. *Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Palladian. By ELIZABETH TAYLOR. *Davies.* 8s. 6d.

Portrait of a Marriage. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

From Such a Seed. By GEORGE MARTELLI. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

That Summer. By FRANK SARGESON. *Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

Savage Gold. By ROY FULLER. *Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

One reason for the success of women novelists is their ability to insist upon the domestic interior. The novel, like the three-act play in a picture-frame, lends itself naturally to the exits and entrances of a family-size group of characters in a house. And again there is something intrinsically cosy about novel-reading. The armchair, the warm fire, the slippers and the book of prose constitute a version of the Female Dream not thought of by Blake and one more widely sought after than FitzGerald's verse and wine *al fresco*. The title of Miss Dickens's new book is a woman's generic name for the ideal man. Man's natural form, on the other hand, is the picaresque or, alternatively, the disconnected, irresponsible lyric. When they do not exercise either of these prerogatives, male novelists tend to make the novel a substitute for a good job of journalism. This Mr. Martelli has done. The ladies are all three playing at keeping house.

Miss Dickens goes too far in the matter of consolation. She reassures the badly wounded that life and love may still be theirs; trained nurses with unhappy childhoods that it is nicer not to marry men with ten thousand a year; silly old women that their sons only pretend to resent interference; big-boned, gangling women that the world is full of simple, charming farmers; children threatened with stepmothers that a timely attack of measles will save all. I wish I knew how much of this was cold calculation, and how much the spontaneous effusion of an excessively warm nature. Miss Dickens is, in any case, becoming a dangerously competent novelist. There are naive pieces of self-explanation beginning, "As you know, I . . ." The passage of time is carelessly handled. There are *longueurs*. The sense of values is conservative if not rudimentary. But a good deal of dialogue and some characterisations are exemplary.

All the same, I prefer *Palladian*. Here, too, the ingredients of success are a little too obviously present. The orphan governess marries her employer and becomes mistress of a large house. But Miss Taylor is ironical. She has learnt from Elizabeth Bowen as well as Miss Brontë. In the end, Miss Taylor does not reassure. Unpleasant consequences are likely to ensue upon this marriage. A rain-washed countryside, a handful of local bad types, Arthur Marshall sketches of schoolmistresses, mock, gibber and grimace when the book is closed. I did not read Miss Taylor's previous novel, *At Mrs. Lippincote's*. *Palladian* is a book which, despite traces of eclecticism, has a disquieting flavour of its own. There is a pure and exact gift here.

When Mrs. Buck writes about China, the clash between subject and treatment sets up intricate overtones. When Mrs. Buck writes about Pennsylvania, we are left with a warm, tearful book about a good earth which has been celebrated in just this tone of voice before. *Portrait of a Marriage* is sensitively composed, but I'm afraid that it is also profoundly commonplace. An artist from a Henry James background gives up everything and settles down on a farm with the dairymaid of his dreams. Despite misunderstandings and tears, the marriage is a success. This is due to the native "integrity" and the "sound" instincts of the girl, and these she has acquired through contact with the earth. As a rule, it is only male novelists who view this kind of idyll without irony, but there has always been a great deal that was masculine about Mrs. Buck's talent.

From Such a Seed takes place in Algiers at the time of the Allied landings. Mr. Martelli's basic intention seems to have been to tell us the dirt about the post-Darlan period. He also wishes to satirise Allied assumptions of moral leadership. The two intentions are incompatible. The sending out of an American Professor of Spiritual Values with a Mental Rehabilitation Unit should have given rise to wild fantasy, but sober reporting inhibits this. Final emphasis falls upon the love-affair between an American journalist and a French *mondaine* whose hair is unjustly cropped for collaboration (she was a Gaulliste at heart) and who commits suicide. Mr. Martelli is, I think, angry. His writing is everywhere adequate, but confused intentions will have their revenge. I admire it, but *From Such a Seed* is not quite any of the wholly first-rate things it might have been.

Neither of the titles from the new house of John Lehmann is properly a novel. Mr. Sargeson is a tough but always amusing, first-person *raconteur*. He is known because Mr. Lehmann has printed him before in both kinds of *New Writing*. The claim that no writer of comparable gifts has come from New Zealand since Katherine Mansfield is not easily contested. Mr. Fuller is a young poet who was stationed in Africa during the war. *Savage Gold* is a boys' adventure story, with an agreeable undercurrent of adult mockery.

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AN INDICTMENT

White Sahibs in India. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. *The Socialist Book Centre.* 10*s.* 6*d.* 3rd Revised Edition.

I once asked Pandit Nehru if he thought that all the British administrators in India had been bad. He paused appreciably and said "No," giving me the names of some outstanding Englishmen who had worked disinterestedly in the service of India. But Mr. Reynolds would hardly agree with Nehru. He is one of those Englishmen who is more anti-British than the most virulent Indian Nationalist. For him there is no grey. Everything is black or white. Black for Britain, white for India. Or to come up to date: all black for the Muslim League, snow white for official Congress.

If there is anyone who still clings to the belief that Britain ruled India for the benefit of the Indians, this book is a good purgative. With relentless documentation the evidence of greed, cruelty and corruption is piled up. The case for the prosecution is complete and unanswerable. There is no plea in mitigation. Perhaps that is as well when there is so much talk abroad of fulfilling our moral responsibilities to India. We need to be reminded that those responsibilities are based not on morality, but on the most cynical immorality. The good that has been done by men of conscience, ability and integrity among the foreign invaders in India has been heavily outweighed by the bad.

For the first half of this book Mr. Reynolds' one-track method of reasoning is effective and salutary; but in the second half, when dealing with modern developments, he goes clean off the rails. Enthusiasm for Congress as the only genuine political body in India leads to the most astonishing statements. Page 220: "So Mr. Jinnah stood as the leader of less than 5 per cent. of the enfranchised Muslims. If all Muslims had been enfranchised he would have been lucky to obtain 1 per cent., because, unlike the Congress, his party has no roots whatsoever among the poor and landless . . . The coming Provincial Elections will show—within the limitations of the franchise—what Muslims think of this proposal (Pakistan)." They did. The Muslim League got 74 per cent. of the total votes cast for Muslim seats. They won 434 out of 482 Provincial seats. In the Central Assembly they had 100 per cent. success. As Mr. Reynolds is able to quote events as late as the end of February 1946, he might have mentioned some of these results, most of which had come through by then. But that would have destroyed the myth, which he is at pains to build up, that Congress for practical purposes represents all India.

Page 241: "However, as the bogy of communalism is almost entirely fictitious, this question need not greatly concern us." (Calcutta riots? Bombay riots?) I am not here concerned with the origins of communal feeling in India. Doubtless it was fostered by the institution of separate electorates; but no one, bar the most prejudiced, can say that today it is fictitious, nor that by and large the Muslims of India are not behind the Muslim League. And if it were not for geography, which has put Calcutta and Western Bengal together with large slices of the Punjab outside the Muslim majority areas, the unavoidable democratic solution for India would be Pakistan—however much sentimentalists may deplore a move away from huge central governments to local ones. Pakistan is indefensible only because it would mean the forcible incorporation in it of some 45 million unwilling Non-Muslims, and for no other reason.

The Princes get a mention "for their fanatical loyalty to the British." My own experience is that the Princes, so long used as puppets, probably hate the British as much as any other group in India. For the rest, India today is Gandhi, Gandhi, Gandhi. I looked in vain for a reference to Jai Prakash Narayan leader of the Congress Socialists. Or indeed for any discussion of the Congress Socialists themselves. Yet the growth in popularity of this organisation is one of the most significant developments of recent years. However, it is non-Pacifist and not entirely behind Gandhi. So an examination of its aims might have led Mr. Reynolds into the danger of taking a more balanced view of Congress and into the admission that there are valid points of view in India even though they may not be shared by Gandhi.

But don't let me put anyone off this book. It contains all the arguments why British rule in India should cease immediately, even though it is more sanguine than I am about the lack of deeply rooted and violent differences among Indians. But those differences are not our concern. Our concern is to see that a situation is created in which the Indians can settle their differences among themselves without outside interference. That we have started to do, and reading this book should strengthen the determination to keep on with it. However much of a mess India may make of her own affairs immediately after power is transferred, she could hardly do worse than produce a situation in which 110 million Indians live permanently between starvation point and serious malnutrition, and another 100 million get just enough to eat but not enough to keep out disease.

WOODROW WYATT

THE QUEENS' TRAGEDY

Fanfare for Elizabeth By EDITH SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The jacket describes this book as the story of Queen Elizabeth's childhood. But the story of her childhood, as it has come down to us, would not fill a book; we see her first as an individual in the twilit and disastrous prologue of the Admiral's Wooing—a now familiar tale, reserved here for the last act. All that comes before is prologue in a different sense, with no speaking part for her; it is the tragedy, or pageant, of the King's wives.

And even they, on the very heights of fate, are not clearly visible. We cannot enter their minds. They speak in fragments, and we hardly know what they are talking about. Where, in these letters stuffed with compliment and form, in these "damning" conversations, to us so innocent, in these obligatory, orthodox farewells on Tower Green—where is the thing that happened, the sincere feeling? Theirs is a semi-foreign tongue, and we shall never make out. But it is all very splendid, terrible and moving.

And that is how Miss Sitwell has recreated it. There is no pretence of inwardness, no confusion of fact and fancy. Ignorance is baldly stated: "the present writer thinks" so-and-so. Every quotation has its reference; every speech was uttered by, or at least reported of the speaker, just as it stands. But the whole is bathed in atmosphere and poetic vision—a blend of fairy-tale and gorgeous ghost story. "This is England, this is the Happy Isle; it is the year 1533, and we are on our way to the country palace of the King—a giant with a beard of gold and a will of iron. . . ."

There the trumpets sounded for a christening. The witch-Queen had triumphed; the true Princess would become a goose-girl, or a maid to her little sister. But those who stood near the event were all doomed, "as if they lived in an infected air." It was only a phantom company which glittered through the church on that autumn day. "'The shadows haunting faerily the brain,' the beings that seemed planets with their long gold trains like the heat of the sun, would soon

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be gone. Now, one by one, they moved away in a procession, through the garden door and along the garden path, lighted by the flames of five hundred torches . . . into the future."

In this atmosphere, the guilt or innocence of Anne Boleyn need not be settled. We cannot hope to know her like that. But we see her walking downstairs, very slowly, in the changing fires of a winter sunset; then she is magical, she is superb. After a good deal of narrative, chapters further on, she opens a door—and finds her maid of honour sitting on the King's knee. Perhaps it did not even happen. But the young woman's face "had a strange and rather beautiful greenish pallor, like the flower of the hellebore"—and that is real, like the witch-Queen walking downstairs. To the imagination, it is Jane Seymour once and for all.

Indeed we see little more of her—and little of the others, with one exception. But the witch-Queen has many facets. She is Henry's "garden wife," to whom he wrote like a country sweetheart, "in that handwriting whose letters seemed branching into small spring leaves." She is the bold summer beauty; she is the "death-dealing sleepwalker," scolded every day of her childhood for shrieks of laughter "that had almost the sound of terror." "One winter day before her marriage, coming into a Palace room, lit only by the white light of the cinnamon-sweet snow, she had laughed at a book of prophecies. . . ." So to the morning when "in her gown of black damask . . . she crept into the courtyard of the Tower." According to Miss Strickland, the Victorian biographer of the English queens, "she is said to have come forth in fearful beauty." Here she is broken quite down.

And then "a horrible but infinitely pitiable little ghost," the dead woman's cousin, crept out, to haunt the King, from her blood-stained grave. "As you turned the corner of a gallery, a small figure would be seen coming towards you—the figure of a very young girl—or of an evil child, a child of about thirteen, with a terrible adult knowledge. . . . She was an outwardly charming young creature, little and gay as a golden mote of light"—and a thing to shudder at. "No female writer," says Miss Strickland, "can venture to become the apologist of this unhappy queen"—and goes on to excuse her warmly, even indignantly. Here, pity sickens at her footstep. What went on in those days and nights of an evil childhood, we are not precisely told, for it is too horrible; but that, alas, is Katherine Howard—real as the usurper-Queen on the staircase, as the "slim young woman" sitting on the King's knee.

The only failure is Elizabeth, who should be central. It is vain to call her, in the cradle, England's Prometheus; there are wonderful glimpses of her old age, but her babyhood refuses to fill the scene. "Elizabeth was an odd child, with a will as resistless as fire. What she wanted to do, she did"—is not that, for once, the voice of the historical novel? Even when the "noble girl" has a part, she is quite too sacred; and moreover she is not a right inhabitant of this world. She has a different kind of reality; we want to *know* what she felt about these domestic horrors, what she felt about the Admiral—and that, of course, is asking too much. In any case, her young adventure falls outside the main theme: the sin of the King's divorce from his first and true wife, and the tremendous, logical, sometimes farcical retribution.

Fanfare for Elizabeth is a kind of scrapbook, after all: a patchwork of quotations, with little method or uniformity of style. But it creates and peoples the very world from which Elizabethan drama would spring. All its talk of perfumes and scented waters, of airs and dance tunes, its fashion notes, its poetic flourishes and fantasies of beauty and horror—they are not just things the writer could not bear to leave out. They are the very stuff of success. K. JOHN

Universities Quarterly. 5s.

As the vital problems affecting university developments have grown in urgency in recent years the need for their full and frank discussion in a journal wholly devoted to university education has become increasingly apparent. *Universities Quarterly* has, in the words of the prospectus, been established "to discuss with complete freedom, and from all angles, what had best be done by universities, by industry, by the Government, to enable universities to adapt their teaching, their research, perhaps even their guiding philosophy, to the needs of a rapidly changing society." It will, therefore, be concerned with the discussion of two sets of questions—those which relate to the content of teaching and research, and those which centre around finance, organisation and administration.

It is obvious that, as the editorial board succeed in implementing this policy, the journal will appeal as directly to those engaged in public life, the Civil Service, industry and education as to university teachers and administrators. In the first issue they have made an auspicious start. Not only are there three articles on the content of education, but also challenging and stimulating contributions on "The Universities and the Government," by Sir Ernest Simon, and "Industry and the Universities," by Sir William Larke. Nor are university developments in other countries neglected. Dr. O. C. Carmichael, who is president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in New York, writes on "Higher Education in the United States."

There are, however, two items to which the editorial board might usefully give further consideration. First, the editorial notes might well be used to widen still further the appeal of the journal. There is, indeed, much to be said in favour of using these notes to provoke thought on topics which cannot, for one reason or another, be made the subjects of longer articles. Secondly, one of the strongest features in a journal of this type ought surely to be book reviews. The space devoted to books in the present issue is lamentably small; nor, it must be added, do the books chosen for review in this issue seem to be truly representative.

The Evolution of Modern Latin America. By R. A. HUMPHREYS. *Geoffrey Cumberledge: Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

Unless the English reader has access to American publications there are few recent sources where he can find information about Latin America. There are a handful of books that have appeared here during the war, from John Gunther's *Inside Latin America* to Preston's admirable but expensive *Latin America*, which is mainly geographical: but most of these are merely reprints of American authors. In spite of the important developments that have been taking place south of the Rio Grande in the last few years, British interest in the continent can scarcely have been at a lower ebb. Yet economically and politically, Britain has close ties with some of the South American republics. Latin America is not the exclusive concern of the United States: its republics are playing an increasing part in world affairs. As their economies develop away from the traditional semi-colonial status, so will their importance be matched by political assertion. Argentina, at present attracting the most attention, is not the only State which is reaching a crisis in its development. For this reason, a sober and comprehensive study such as this made by Mr. Humphreys is extremely valuable. It does not pretend to be a major work of research, but its command of the available material is excellent. It tells, clearly and concisely, the story of the emancipation of Latin America, of the development of the major States, of the interplay of the peoples and the physical environment. It also explains the impact of the immigrant upon the continent and analyses the

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